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Adventure

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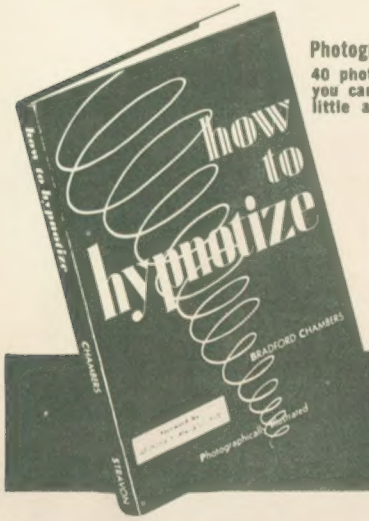

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Vol. 140, No. 1, OCTOBER, 1963

Adventure

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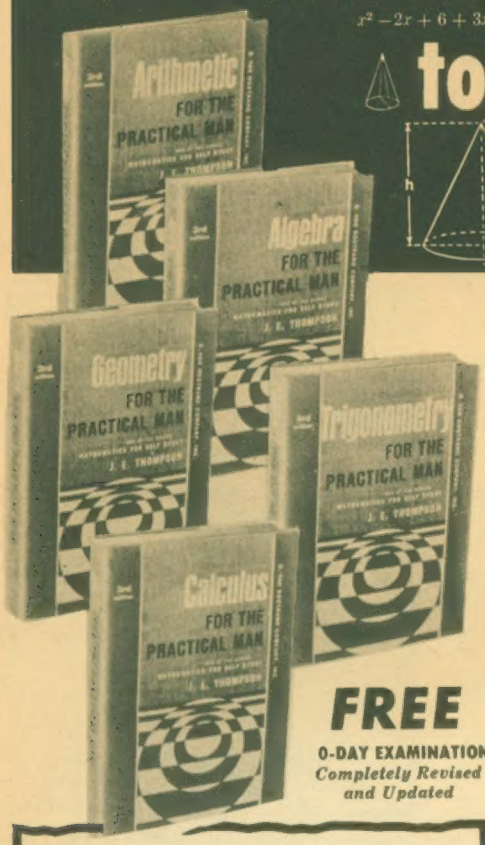

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CAMPFIRE

Draw up to the fire, comrades, and say hello to Eddie Hughes and Robert Nesmith who have helped to make this issue an exciting one.

First, we want you to meet Eddie Hughes of Dallas, Texas, who wrote the dramatically moving story about the 36th Division at Salerno.

He is a native-born Texan and a feature writer with the *Dallas News* and also serves as a military affairs editor.

"The military has been a part of my life since I graduated from high school," he says. "For nine years I served as information sergeant of the 36th Infantry Division, Texas National Guard, which I joined at the height of the Korean War.

"I have since transferred to the Texas 49th Armored Division, and as master sergeant I am still in charge of the Division of Information Section. The 49th was one of the two National Guard divisions to be called to active service during the Berlin crisis. So, after ten years of a part-time military career, I've yet to be involved in a real shooting war.

He wears a T-patch on his lapel.

"I am much like the Texans of the 36th, just before their landing at Salerno, and this perhaps helped me to portray the feelings of an infantryman who goes into battle for the first time.

"For six months I interviewed former T-Patchers who survived Salerno, and spent considerable time on research in order to make my story as factual as possible. The people mentioned are real. Their names were taken from the journals of the Division's regimental histories.

"I tried to picture the American infantryman of World War II as he actually was—a scared human being, not a born hero, who, under the stress of combat, did only what came instinctively. If he survived, it was only because he was in the right place at the right time.

"I also learned that even in the heat of battle there was wry humor, so I tried to inject a little here and there."

Eddie Hughes is twenty-seven years old, married, and a graduate of the University of Texas with a degree in journalism. "Beachhead in Hell" is his first venture into the magazine field.

• • •

For many years Ask Adventure *readers have received quantities of useful information from Foul Anchor Archives, a well-known research institution at Rye, New York, and this meeting seems an appropriate time to introduce you to Robert I. Nesmith, its curator.*

Bob drew the treasure map for Gordon Schendel's fascinating article, "Treasure Below." He also furnished photographs of old coins and the rare print of Aztec rites shown on page 37.

As a consultant to treasure hunters the world over, he is considered an authority on buccaneers, pirates,

Treasure is Nesmith's pleasure.

sunken galleons and the value of Spanish coins and bulleon. He's an authority on coins of Spanish colonial mints and was awarded the Archer M. Huntington Medal for his studies on the subject. His books include "The Coinage of the First Mint of the Americas" and "Dig for Pirate Treasure."

He numbers among his friends most of the serious and successful treasure divers, and he owns one of the finest libraries on piracy and treasure in existence. His collection contains many unpublished maps, manuscripts and rare editions. For many years Bob was an industrial photographer, and then a sideline of research into the pirate period put him into the treasure trade.

Today his slogan, "For Treasure or Pleasure," is known to thousands of armchair and participating treasure fans.

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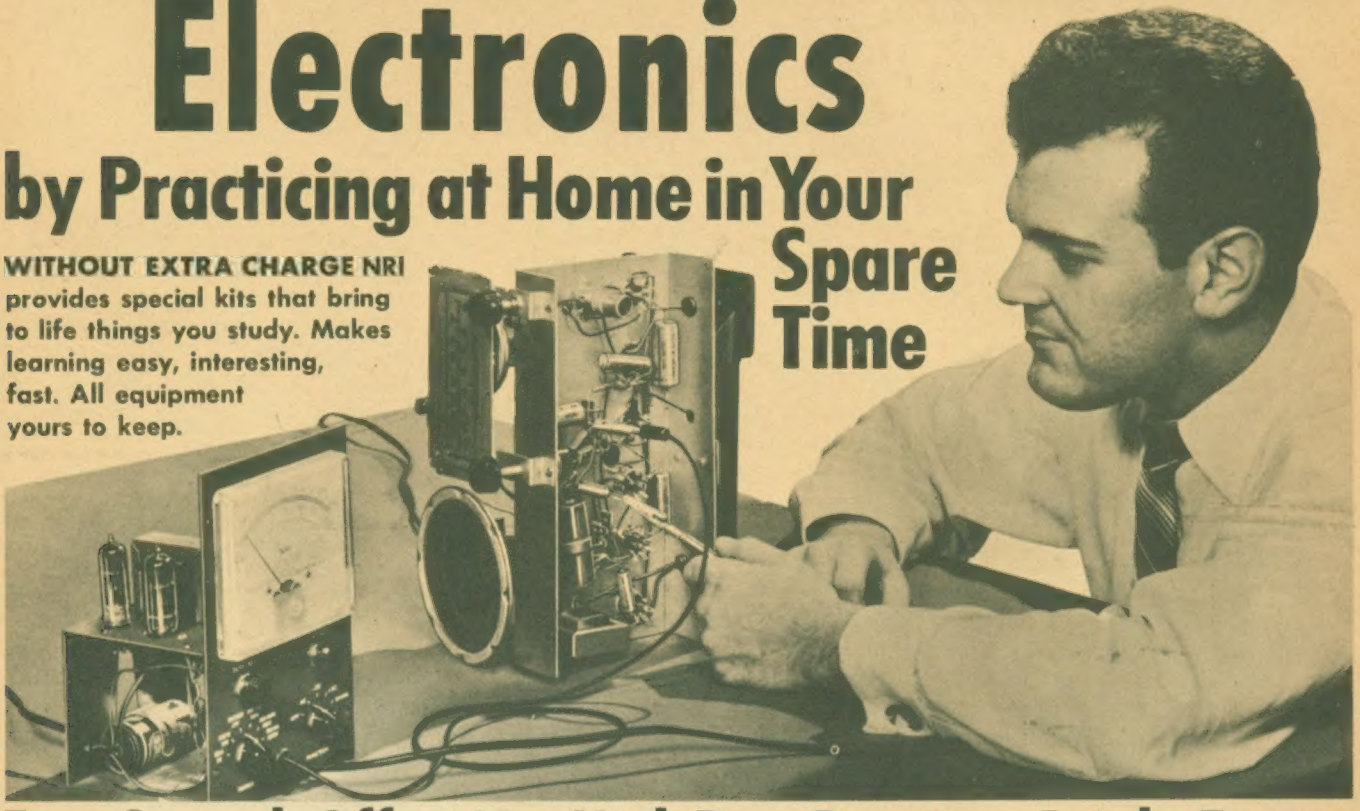

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After graduating I was a shipboard radio operator. Now I am chief engineer at Station WARA.

NRI was a wonderful foundation. RAYMOND D. ARNOLD, Attleboro, Mass.

Thanks to NRI I am in a top position with the Federal Aviation Agency in the Navaids Electronic Section. JOE DUCKWORTH, Fort Worth, Texas.

Four months after starting your course I left my job in a hardware store to work at Raytheon Manufacturing. Now I am an engineering assistant in Microwave Power Tube Research and Development Laboratory. LEONARD BLOOM, Newton Centre, Mass.

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THE LOCKER ROOM

Did you ever make up a locker room joke? If so, send it to The Editor of ADVENTURE MAGAZINE, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y. If used, you will receive a free subscription for one year. Sorry, but we cannot return unused material.

The baseball season had been too much for Frank Forbisher. "I can't sleep at nights any more, Doc," he wailed to his psychiatrist. "As soon as I close my eyes, I'm playing for the Yankees. It's 4-3 Cleveland, the last of the ninth, two men out. Mantle gets up and hits a single. The winning run is at the plate, and I'm up! What should I do, Doc?"

The headshrinker soothed the worried man. "Why not think of something else?" he said. "Try imagining that you've got a lovely girl in your arms as you doze off?"

"What?" shouted Frank. "And miss my turn at bat?"

The bearded man was standing on the crowded subway when he suddenly felt a tugging on his whiskers. Looking down, he saw a tiny guy bracing himself by anchoring onto his beard.

"Will you please let go of my beard?" roared the gent.

"Why?" asked the little fellow. "Are you getting off?"

A bum walked up to a friend of ours the other day and asked for a handout.

"Have a cigar," our pal said, feeling expansive.

"No thanks, I don't smoke," the bum answered.

"Well, then, let me buy you a drink," our friend persisted.

"I don't drink, either," the down-and-outer said.

"Will you join me at the track tomorrow?" our pal asked.

"I don't gamble. All I want is a square meal," said the bum.

"Okay, okay," our pal told him. "But first, come home with me. I want my wife to see what happens to a guy who doesn't smoke, drink or gamble!"

A lady hired two men to help clean up her garden. Looking out the window, she noticed one of them doing all kinds of great acrobatic stunts on the lawn.

She called the other man over and said, "Tell your friend I'll pay him twenty dollars if he'll do that act for my dinner party tomorrow night."

A while later, the man came back. "I told him," he said, "but he says he wants more than twenty bucks to step on that rake again!"

A flea walked into a saloon out West, downed three quick shots of bourbon, then turned to walk out. He threw open the doors, made a flying leap into the street, and landed flat on his face.

Looking up, he said angrily, "What no-good rat moved my dog?"

The young bride made the mistake of letting her bridge-fiend husband talk her into spending the honeymoon at the hotel where the Masters Championship Bridge Tournament was being held. But he passed all his time down in the lobby, watching the play.

"I stood it until the sixty-second hand," the bride sobbed to her mother, "and then I packed up and came home."

"Such a pity, dear," soothed her mother. "The sixty-third hand was a fantastic thing to watch!"

After two years in the Hollywood office, a lovely girl was transferred to the New York headquarters of a big advertising agency.

"I hope you'll be happy here," her boss said. "The work is the same as you did in Hollywood."

"Okay," she answered. "Kiss me, and let's get started."

A high-pressure salesman we know, out on the town for a night, was getting more and more annoyed with his date's endless chatter.

"So your name is Bert," she bubbled. "Now, I know that George means 'lover of horses,' and Philip means 'beloved.' But what does Bert mean?"

"Business," he growled.

"Promise me if you get the hiccups, you'll put on a jacket."

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Name.....Age.....

Address.....County.....

City & Zone.....State.....

Occupation.....Working Hours.....AM.....PM

ASK ADVENTURE

CANINE LITERATURE

Would you be good enough to send me information on the care, training and breeding of dogs?

James E. Cowan

Downey, Illinois

Sorry, but I do not have literature on dogs. My service to readers of ADVENTURE MAGAZINE is limited to answering specific questions about dogs. If you will query me regarding a particular breed, I'll do what I can to help you.

WILLIAM P. SCHRAMM

WORK DOG

I would like to train a German Shepherd to carry a pack on his back while traveling through rugged tourain—mountains and heavy underbrush.

It may sound odd to you, but I do quite a bit of prospecting and would like to take him along to act as a companion, and at the same time have him carry some of the equipment.

Ben Dyke

Sardis, British Columbia

Your problem is an unusual one, and frankly I know of no practical way to train a dog to carry a pack load on his back! After all, a dog is not a burro, and even pack burros carry loads in saddle bags which hang down on their sides.

Dogs have been trained to do many tasks in their services to mankind, but I have never heard of a dog carrying a pack on his back. Even the famous St. Bernards, who bring help to people lost in the Alps, carry their supplies at their sides.

In the event that you did find a way to keep a pack on a dog's back, there would be another problem to overcome: It would take good cushioning, or padding, to keep it from galling his back and shoulders. In any case, I just can't see a dog packing a load through brush and up mountains. I'm afraid your dog would soon reach the conclusion that you, his master, for whom he'd gladly give his life when danger threatened, expected too much of him. And I wouldn't blame him if he put on a canine sit-down strike by refusing to follow along with you.

So, I'm afraid your idea just isn't going to work.

WILLIAM P. SCHRAMM

MARINE MEDIC

I am an enlisted man in the USMC and would like to know what requirements are needed to become a doctor. I love the Marine Corps and would like to make it my career if I could become a doctor.

PFC John Pindel

USS Northampton

FPO New York City

Briefly stated, the requirements are simple. A man must be a graduate doctor of medicine (internship completed), morally and physically acceptable according to the standards of the U.S. Navy's Bureau of Medicine and the U.S. Navy's Medical Corps, and he must be a member of the U.S. Navy.

All medical and medical service personnel in active service with the Marine Corps are members of the Navy. As you are aware, the Marine Corps is the Navy's ashore and afloat offensive arm. Although thousands of enlisted and commissioned members of the Navy's medical service and hospital corps have served with Marine Corps units, all are in the Navy. There is no such thing as a Marine doctor or a Marine hospital corpsman!

So, if you wish to become a doctor on service with Marines, you must graduate from an accredited medical school, complete an internship program, be physically and morally acceptable, and become a member of the Navy, (as a lieutenant junior grade, *not ensign*) and either be assigned to a Marine unit or request duty with a unit of Marines.

LELAND E. PERSON

AMERICANS IN MALAYA

I am contemplating a trip to the Maylay States (chiefly Singapore) with the idea of getting a job, and would appreciate any advice you can give me.

Ward Kelly

Holly Hill, Fla.

Americans employed in Malaya are hired in the United States, trained here, and then sent into foreign service. The main industries involved fall into the following categories: Rubber, oil, banking, shipping, and tin.

An American is allowed to stay in Singapore if he can prove that his income is sufficient for him to live on so that he will not become destitute.

The cost of living has increased in the past few years and is not as enjoyable as it once was. Servants are needed unless you stay at a hotel. I would say that about $500 a month (U. S. money) would be the amount required.

V. B. WINDLE

UNIFORMS OF THE U.S. ARMY

Where would I find a publication dealing with uniforms of the U.S. Army? I am particularly interested in the period of from 1900 to 1962.

Angelo Oggiano

Rome, Italy

There are few books out today with the information you mention. You may find such handbooks published during World War I and II at various book dealers who specialize in military items, but there are no really comprehensive studies. The best, perhaps, is Frederick P. Todd's "Solidiers of the American Army," which you no doubt have. (*Continued on page* 12)

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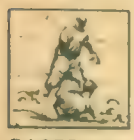
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ASK ADVENTURE—*CONTINUED*

I suggest that you consider joining the Company of Military Collectors and Historians, 77 Barnes Street, Providence 6, R. I. This organization publishes an excellent quarterly journal with many illustrations of uniforms and weapons. The dues are $7.50 a year.

MILTON F. PERRY

RODEO RULES

Will you kindly send me information on rodeo rules and tell me where I can buy a book on calf-roping.

Mack Hope

Norwich, Conn.

For information on rodeo rules and calf-roping, write to the Secretary, Rodeo Cowboys Association, c/o The Western Horseman, Colorado Springs, Colo.

JOHN RICHARD YOUNG

89TH U.S. INFANTRY DIVISION

Is there a history on the 89th Division of World War II, or the 353 Infantry with which I served? If so, I'd like to know where I can buy it. Also, could you give me a few highlights on the 353rd?

William H. Humphrey

Chicago, Ill.

The 89th U.S. Infantry Division, a veteran of World War I, was reactivated for service on July 15, 1942. The division was committed to combat in the Rhineland, near Echnernach, March 18, 1945, crossed the Saur and the Moselle after hard fighting and passed over the Rhine on March 26. It pushed deeper into Germany until it was stopped by orders on April 6, 1945. In December of that year, the 89th returned to the States.

The division was called the "Rolling W" from the letter which appears on the shoulder patch.

The 353rd Infantry Regiment was a Kansas outfit, a part of the 89th. I have no record of a history of the regiment, but there is one on the division: "89th Infantry Division," published in 1947. The Chicago Public Library probably has a copy you can borrow.

MILTON F. PERRY

CORRECTION, PLEASE

Since woodworking has always been my hobby I would now like to go into the business for profit. My specialty would be small gadgets such as spice cabinets, wall shelves and other items for the gift trade. Could you give me some advice?

M. R. Wilson

Phoenix, Arix.

The subject of "woodcraft" which I handle for Ask Adventure is supposed to be the art of taking care of one's self in the outdoors, *not of working in wood.*

However, as I have some little knowledge of the subject I may be able to help you.

For plans, send fifty cents to Albert Constantine & Son, Inc., 2050 Eastchester Road, New York 61, N.Y., and ask for their latest catalogue. It lists patterns, all sorts of lumber, veneers, tools, hardware and so on.

I'd suggest that you visit novelty and gift shops which handle the kind of articles you hope to make. Observe their prices and figure about forty per cent off their list price for profit. You might show them a few of your own samples to determine how much you could sell them for.

PAUL M. FINK

RARE BOOKS

Among the books in my collection, I have a copy of "The Scarlet Letter," published in 1850 by the Optimus Printing Co., and a copy of "The Vicar of Wakefield," published by the Weeks Publishing Co. of Chicago. (No date.)

Does either one have a rarity value?

D. E. Hartman

Greenfield, Calif.

I rather doubt it. To be valuable, the Goldsmith would have to be an English first edition, and the Hawthorne a first edition, published in Boston in 1850, with these two points to distinguish it from the second edition: On page 21, line 20 is the word "reduplicate," and on page 132, line 29, the word "catechism."

KENNETH FOWLER

VETERANS' BONUSES

Can you tell me if, and when, the State of Virginia has paid or will pay a World War II bonus?

Conrad V. Akers

Prospect, Ohio

To the best of my knowledge Virginia did not approve a bonus for World War II.

FRANCIS H. BENT

BEALE'S TREASURE

I would like some information on "Tom Beale's Cave of Gold" in West Virginia.

Charles E. Burtt

Springfield, Mass.

You seem to have come across a twisted version of the Tom Beale story. (And, by the way I have seen the last name spelled with a. "v.") According to the version I know, many treasure casks and chests of pirate Tom Beale are hidden in a cave known as Dungeon Rock, at the mouth of the Saugus River near Lynn, Mass. Beale's body is supposedly buried in the secret cave as well.

THOMAS SCHULTHEISS

DETECTOR FOR BEACHCOMBING

I would like to ask your advice as to the best metal detector on the market for beachcombing and searching for buried treasure. I want one which will locate objects from the size of a dime to the size of a chest.

John Cirkot

Shelton, Conn.

Unfortunately, I cannot endorse specific products, but I will say this—all detectors are about the same. (All that have gained the name-brand status). Therefore, the efficiency of their operation depends to a very large extent on the ability of the operator.

Obviously, there are differences in detectors. Generally, the price will give you some indication as to what range the field has—that is to say, the larger the field, the more the detector will cost. I would also like to point out that most of them are accompanied by a guarantee.

My advice is—get one with a guarantee and learn to use it properly.

THOMAS SCHULTHEISS

SPARE-TIME PROSPECTING

I'd like to do some prospecting in my spare time and wonder if you could give me advise on as to methods, equipment, areas, etc.

Charles Needham

Brookline, Mass.

I doubt whether you can do much profitable prospecting in your spare time, but if you want to do it as a hobby, I'd suggest the following procedure:

Contact the bureau of mines office nearest the area you want to prospect out; or write the United States Bureau of Mines, Department of the Interior, Washington 15, D.C. You might even consult your local library for books on prospecting.

Kits can be purchased from United Prospectors, Inc., P.O. Box 105, Prathers, Calif. They have a publication for members called, "Panning Gold."

THOMAS SCHULTHEISS

"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English,*" says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence – handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation – also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home – in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, How to Gain a Command of Good English, *just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.*

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 4H, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

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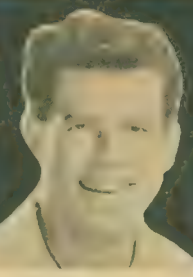

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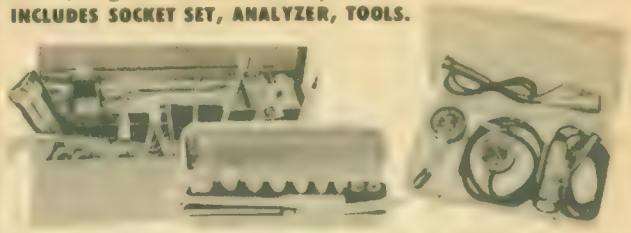

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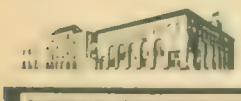

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SALERNO— BEACHHEAD IN HELL

BY EDDIE S. HUGHES

THEY FOUGHT AND CURSED AND DIED, BUT STILL THEY CAME ON—THE KIDS WHO BLOODIED THE BEACH AT SALERNO—THE FIRST BIT OF ITALY TO BE FREE AGAIN

■ IT WAS the ninth of September, 1943. In pre-dawn blackness, Texans of the U.S. Army's 36th Infantry Division were eager and ready for their first combat mission, under the worst of all battle assignments: Invasion!

H-Hour, or Zero Hour, was set for 0330.

The Texans had waited three long years for this chance. The invasion of Italy was theirs as the spearheading force. All their lives as soldiers they had been just cargo, never super cargo. Once they had sailed from Oran, away from the sweltering days and the cold

Men of the 36th Division swarm ashore under murderous shelling.

SALERNO—BEACHHEAD IN HELL

CONTINUED

nights of patrolling North Africa, the men who wore the olive drab "T" on a bit of blue cloth shaped in an arrowhead had all sensed that something big was ahead. For them, watching the minutes tick on to Zero Hour, the world would soon shrink to one precise danger point—the dark line to the east that would mark the shores of Salerno Bay.

If an invasion ship is supposed to be a lonely ship, the untried men of the 36th Division hadn't been told. They were jubilant, they joked, and they tossed the dice around in the sweat-stinking hold of their ship. Confronted with the physical fact that they were headed to their baptism of fire, on the beaches of Paestum, did not greatly bother the men. War to them had meant only one thing: Training, training and more training. They had trained the green 45th Infantry Division and retrained the verteran First Divison before those two outfits

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U.S. ARMY

U.P.I.

Eisenhower and General Mark Clark survey beachhead as supporting troops take over bloody Salerno.

shipped out for the invasion of Sicily. Most of the GIs in the 36th had nearly forgotten that the "T" in their division T-Patch stood for Texas—and not training.

On the eve of the invasion, General Eisenhower had annouced the official surrender of Italy:

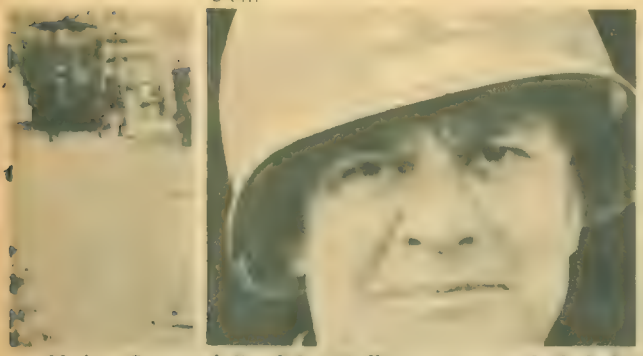
" . . . hostilities will cease at once, and the Italians can now have the assistance and support of the United Nations to expel the German oppressors from Italian soil."

"Hell," a soldier beefed. "Another dry run coming up. All we'll have to do is police another goddamn area."

They were mistaken.

A few hours after Eisenhower's announcement, an air attack on the convoy's left flank had brought the Navy to its battle stations, sending troops filing below deck. The clatter and rattle of the Navy's big guns mixed and mingled with the explosion of bombs dropped by German bombers. Only one destroyer reported any damage, while one German bomber suffered a direct hit and plunged flaming into the sea.

U.P.I.



Major General Fred L. Walker commanded fight.

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB MOTT

SALERNO—BEACHHEAD IN HELL

CONTINUED

It was now obvious that the enemy knew something was afoot. Had the surprise invasion at Salerno been lost? There was still time for Lieutenant General Mark Wayne Clark, the tall Fifth Army commander, to change his mind and ask the Navy for a preliminary bombardment in the 36th Division sector to soften up the beach defenses.

Aboard the flagship U.S.S. *Samuel Chase*, Major General Fred L. Walker, who commanded the 36th, was going over last-minute briefings with his staff officers. Walker was fifty-seven years old, but a surprisingly young-looking man who would never be guessed to be over forty-five. As he spread out the latest air photographs of the beaches and the surrounding high ground at Salerno, Walker spoke softly; he was never a man to raise his voice.

"This is a three-gun artillery battery which was set up by the Italians along the railroad, opposite our beaches," he said. "Our Intelligence reports it to be obsolete and unmanned. If gun crews do exist, it is within rifle range of our first wave, who can drive them off."

Walker had reports that the German 16th Panzer (Tank) Division was in the area, but there was indication that they would not be strong in any sector. Too, Italian soldiers in the landing sector would not be there.

The British, which included the 46th (Pine Tree) Division and the 56th (London) Division, were to land

First wave of Texans hit the beach under German fire.

to the north, and Walker pointed out that at this sector the only naval bombardment would begin sometime before the 36th would hit shore.

"This should definitely indicate the north beaches as the main landing place, and our troops will be able to reach the beach as a surprise and move quickly inland," he said.

One of his staff officers asked pointedly, "Are we going into Salerno stark naked?"

Walker turned from his maps and walked to the peek-size window. It was already blackout time and a few blue lights gave the only illumination.

His voice was barely audible over the constant *thump-thump-thump* of the ship's engines. "I have requested to Admiral Hall that no preliminary naval bombardment be fired in our sector. Despite the slight air attack on us hours ago, I am going along wtih General Clark for an all-out tactical surprise."

Walker wasn't altogether pleased with his decision, but he felt it had to be made. For one thing, the 36th Division commander had no confidence that the Navy, could coördinate a successful bombardment with the time of the landing of his first waves, which during darkness could result in confusion among his inexperienced troops.

ON the decks, men sat around idle. Some read pamphlets issued by Allied Headquarters telling them how to behave in Italy. Others wrote letters home, many with the hopes they would be home by Christmas now that the war was nearly over. Infantrymen checked their rifles, and made sure they had some dry socks in their packs to wear after reaching (*Continued on page* 46)

WIDE WORLD

SEX AND YOUR HEART

ARE YOU AFRAID TO LOVE? DOES FEAR STAND BETWEEN YOU AND FULL SEXUAL HAPPINESS? HERE ARE FRANK, HONEST WORDS ABOUT A PROBLEM THAT HAS PLAGUED DOCTORS FOR DECADES

■ AT a medical convention recently, one physician got laughs when he told of a patient named Martin, a healthy, husky twenty-six-year-old father of three small children. Though he and his wife had no marital problems, Martin suddenly decided to make love no oftener than twice a month. This hardly suited his wife, but her repeated protests were to no avail. In desperation, she finally persuaded Martin to accompany her to their family doctor.

When the physician had an understanding of the problem, he took Martin aside and asked him, "Is there anything about making love to your wife that upsets you?"

Martin shook his head. "No, Doc."

"Then why do you insist on limiting yourself as you've done?"

"Because of my heart."

"Your heart!" exploded the doctor. "There's not a thing wrong with it!"

"I know that," said Martin patiently. "And that's how I want to keep things. I heard that people who have a lot of sex, it weakens their heart. With the big family I got to feed, I can't afford to let anything weaken me!"

Ridiculous though his notion may be, Martin is far from alone in believing it. Too often, though, the myths, misunderstandings and half-truths that pass for knowledge of the heart's function during the sex act create far more dangerous situations.

Not long ago, for instance, a man named Barney was shocked to learn that he had a heart murmur and would have to take it comparatively easy for the rest of his life. At once he broke up with the (*Continued on page* 62)

BY MYRON BRENTON

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR ADVENTURE BY BILL TROY

■ Once a year, during the fiesta season, Portugal celebrates the *"Forcada,"* the day young noblemen, bare-handed, challenge the might of the wild bull. It is festival time. The bulls, fresh from the breeding grounds, are untrained, totally without fear, sometimes lethally dangerous. After all, they have the blood of great fighters in them, and they are full of the killer urge that will make them, or their breed, heros in the bull rings of the big city.

These pictures, taken in Villafranca de Xira, are not pretty. Here you see a *Forcada* which got entirely out of control. For one thing, the bulls were older, smarter and too ugly to turn loose on a holiday crowd. For another thing, they were tormented by an over-enthusiastic throng to a point where fun stopped and violent tragedy took its place. Quite simply, the young men, a little more full of wine and high spirits than usual, were either more unlucky than usual or facing better than average fighter bulls when they challenged the beasts, unarmed, in the open street.

Sometimes the bulls win. This time, the enraged animals took the play away from the men, with

It started as a fiesta and ended in bloody tragedy— the day they turned loose a killer bull— and he lived up to his name

LAST KILL!

Photos from the film, "Mondo Cane"

BY JIM FRAZIER

LAST KILL!

CONTINUED

bloody and fatal results. First young Pedro Cabal, anxious to impress his girl friend, got himself trapped in a doorway. By the time his friends managed to distract the maddened bull, Padro was gored so severely that he died on the way to the hospital.

The sudden death, far from ending the holiday mood, seemed to quicken the macabre pace of the day. Before that black afternoon ended four people died and eighteen others were severely injured.

Always when the *Forcada* is solemnized, death is just around the corner. Sometimes, as pictured here, he is too close to be pleasant. Then they shake their heads and say:

"It was the day of the bull, this one. But next year will be another *fiesta*—another story. This time the young men may win. Who knows? ■

Above: Maddened animal just missed pinning tormentor to fence

Right: Luckless daredevil misjudged his foe. He died in agony.

Left: Lad on left tripped over curb, was fatally gored before help could arrive.

Below: Luckless and reckless, this youth escaped with bruises and cracked rib.

ILLUSTRATED BY TED LEWIN

DEATH IN HIS DUKES

BY DAVID CREWE

THE BELL RANG AND BATTERED WILLY TAYLOR CAME OUT FOR THE LAST BIG ROUND, TO TRADE PUNCHES WITH THE TOUGHEST INFIGHTER OF THEM ALL— A HARD-HITTING OLD CAMPAIGNER NAMED DEATH!

■ The buzzer sounded and Willy closed his eyes, feeling old Half Pint's skilled fingers work at the tight hitting muscles behind his shoulder, ironing out the fatigue.

Beside him, Corny's voice rasped, "So now you gotta be a fancy Dan, wise guy. You better stop play acting. That Farmer can hit like a mule."

Willy spat in the water bucket.

"It must be the spring," he grinned, opening his jaws so they could slip in the mouthpiece. "I just want to make like one of them artists of the ring, like you read about.."

"If that left hook of his ever connects, you'll be a very unconscious artist," Corney grunted grimly. There was real concern in the old manager's eyes, and Willy playfully flexed a bicep for him, to the amusement of the press box. Then the bell rang for the big eighth and the smoke and the noise and the world faded away and he was a fighting machine again. Nothing was left but this man across the ring, who happened to be the eighth-ranking middleweight in the world, and who had to fall on his face.

Farmer Troy was big and awkward looking but he was fast and he could hit. Once, in the third, his sweeping right had caught Willy high on the chest. It had hurt bad. He'd stalled that one off by going into a grotesque stagger, leering at the boys in the press box, making like it was a game. It had confused the Farmer, which had been good, because two or three of those roundhouse swings would bring a bull down.

Willy came out swinging, out of the habit pattern the years had given him. And then, remembering this monstrous thing he must do, he danced away, boxing, slipping a shoulder and taking it away again, throwing little powder-puff jabs into the Farmer's craggy face. They didn't hurt. but they were piling up the points. If he didn't let himself get tagged he had the fight in the bag.

The ring worms in the rush seats didn't like it. Some wise guy started singing "Waltz Me

That murderous right hit him again just under the temple.

DEATH IN HIS DUKES

CONTINUED

Around Again, Willy," and there were other comments, not so polite. The fans had been used to seeing a slugging Willy Taylor, and they didn't like what was happening.

The Farmer was mixed up too. He was shuffling in stolidly, trying to make a fight of it, and all he could find to hit was air.

They clinched, and the Farmer wiped his bloody nose on Willy's shoulder. He was mixed up and very mad.

"The bums paid to see a fight, bum," he said plaintively.

They broke and Willy hit him with authority on the sore nose, grinning when the big man winced.

"That will teach you to talk respectfully to your betters," he said, between three lightning left jabs. "Now be a good boy and after awhile we can all go home with our heads on."

MIDWAY through the round it happened. It had a dreadful, dark sameness, like the memory of an evil nightmare.

First the buzzing, back of the right ear. Then the little circles in front of his eyes, growing, mushrooming until his whole brain was filled, shutting out life, sight, all conscious thought. . .

Willy opened his eyes. He was sitting on his stool and Corny was saying, "You were the old Willy Taylor again that last sixty seconds, kid. You were really battling the whey outa the bum. It was about time. It's all over but the count. He's as gone as Nixon, and he knows it."

Trying to keep his voice steady was the hard part.

"What did you expect?" he said. "The tramp should beat me? Tell Ginny I'll meet her at the Dutchman's in half an hour. The usual table."

It was fine, brave talk. But what are you going to say when two minutes have been blanked out of your life—because you have no memory of having lived them?

The bell rang and Willy found that the buzzing was gone. He was himself again.

The Farmer, it appeared, was not.

His eyes were beaten and harried and one cheek was swelled up like half an eggplant. The Farmer led with an awkward left, half staggered in and clinched. The big man, Willy discovered with some surprise, was breathing hard and he definitely had rocks in his head. It was all very confusing.

Willy hit him thoughtfully in back of the kidney, a strictly back alley punch, and the Farmer sobbed, "You are a rough, unpredictable bastard. I should kept my big mouth shut an' let well enough alone."

The ref separated them and the Farmer was rocking there, all craggy glass jaw of him sitting up there waiting to be clobbered.

Willy weaved in cautiously, watching for a possible feint, and the chin was still there. He hit, feeling the wonderful contact go up his whole arm from the hitting muscles behind his shoulder. The Farmer's eyes went back in his head and he did a shuffle off to Buffalo, reeling, half held up by the ropes.

Measuring his man carefully, Willy gave him a merciful one-two right on the choppers and the big man crashed like a fallen oak and lay on his back with his chest going up and down.

There wouldn't be any more. The count was a mere formality.

They gave him a good hand when he left the ring and he did a little jig, showing how little the nonsense had taken out of him. It was just another kayo in the record book, a journeyman win against a good, but second-rate spoiler.

It was a little more than that to Willy. It was one more night to live. But only he knew that little business.

YOU'RE not even sparring with that lovely steak." Ginny said, frowning. "Are you all right?"

Willy said, "Now she tells me to eat. I ate too much before the fight, kid. You keep on chewing and I'll be along somewhere."

In fact, he'd had exactly a thin chicken sandwich and a cup of black Java since morning. But there was a letter inside his coat that wouldn't let him eat, and he couldn't tell anybody about it.

The Dutchman's band was making with a lot of noise, mostly bad, and the writers were keeping the reporters away from his table, which was good. They knew he'd beat his gums for them as soon as he'd gotten the fight jitters out of his system, which usually took a drink and a steak.

He looked at Ginny. The little lady, glowing with his victory was just as young, as desirable as when he'd first met her. It was hard to believe that Bob was twelve and little Patty even was going on eight. Not many guys were lucky enough to have a wife like that to live for.

Or die for.

That envelope in his pocket was pretty tough. When the medicos slipped you the K.O. they didn't use feathers in their gloves.

The letter was signed by the greatest clinic in the world. He didn't have to open it. Every word was engraved in his brain. It said:

"We suggest that you make arrangements to stay here for extensive tests and possible treatment.

"Your x-rays show the presence of a aneurysm near the base of the dura medulla. Prognosis and treatment can only be determined by exhaustive tests. We earnestly suggest that you, without further delay. . ."

The day after the letter came he'd been playing golf with old Doc Kenny.

He'd purposely waited until Doc was two strokes down, fussing about his hooked drives, so that it would seem pretty casual. As they were walking down to the fifteenth tee, Willy had said, as casually as he could:

"By the way, I can't play tomorrow. One of the fight writers is under the weather. Something about an aneur—aneurysm, I guess it is. Back in his neck. He wants to play with us next week. You think he'd be all right by then?"

Doc said, "You find out what kind of cigars he smokes, Willy. You buy him a lot and you say nice things to him, if he's a pal of yours. Because when that aneurysm breaks—and it will—nothing on God's earth can stop him from dying. Now what the hell am I doing wrong on that iron shot? I can't seem to—"

It wasn't Doc Kenny who flubbed the next drive. And after Ginny had gone to bed, long into the night, Willy studied a medical book, (*Continued on page* 69)

PHOTOS BY TURHAN BEY OF P.I.P.

SUMMERTIME GIRL:

GITTA PINELLI

SUMMERTIME GIRL
CONTINUED

■ GITTA PINELLI, THE SULTRY ACTRESS WHO IS THE CURRENT TOAST OF ITALY, RETIRES TO BAVARIA EVERY SUMMER TO ESCAPE FROM FAME, FOOTLIGHTS AND —HMM—MEN (IT SAYS HERE.) ANYWAY, WHAT BETWEEN HORSING AROUND IN PLAY SUITS, FROLICKING BAREFOOT ON THE BEACHES AND JUST GETTING KISSED BY THE SUN IN HAYFIELDS, GITTA FEELS BOUNCY AS ALL GETOUT BY THE TIME HER VACATION IS OVER. WITH ALL OF THOSE GOODIES OF HERS TRIM, TANNED, AND TEMPTING, SHE'S READY FOR NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER. SHUCKS, JUST RUN UP THE WHITE FLAG, MEN. YOUR EDITOR HAS SURRENDERED WITHOUT A FIGHT.

It's dark, dirty and noisy, and you can buy anything from a mistress to a murder in St. Pauli's infamous

STREET of WOMEN

by Logan Claibourne

■ "MEIN LIEBER FREUND," announced the M.C., "you are the winner of Greta's dress."

Another fanfare filled the room as the holder of the lucky ticket wended his way past the crazy quilt tables filled with beer-guzzling patrons. Though somewhat tipsy, he managed to reach the platform in good style, there to carry out his "award" by removing the lady's first garment.

The Englishman, trying hard to be a good sport and a jolly reveler, was all thumbs as he attempted to undress Greta the Great. Her gown had a long row of buttons all the way down the back and while he fumbled with them Greta wiggled and twisted and wriggled some more, throwing in an occasional bump for good measure.

"Stop, you are tickling me," the Great One laughed. And the audience roared with her. "That's no way to undress a girl. You must be more romantic. You must face me and hold your arms around me, like so!"

In a lithe movement, she planted the Briton squarely in front of her and drew him to her tape-measure bosom. The poor salt was still trying desperately to undo her buttons while Greta blew into his ear, tickled him with her nose, kissed him on the forehead, cheeks, and mouth. All this was accompanied to the hoots and howls of the good-natured crowd. The seaman, blushing profusely, finally unclasped the gown and Greta flicked it off with a swift movement. She kissed him with intense concentration and sent him reeling back to his seat.

STREET of WOMEN CONTINUED

Demurely, she selected another number. "Forty-three!" she sang out.

This time a German businessman, fat and fifty—and somewhat frightened—waddled up to the stage and nervously took off Greta's shoes. "Number twenty!" she called, and an American student on a holiday removed her long stockings. Greta was now down to G-string and bra.

The fellow who won the bra award—Number ninety-four—gave a whoop and a holler *a la* Dallas, Texas, as he galloped up front to unbare the waiting young woman. But his hands were too shaky as he tried to undo the deliberately complicated double clasp of the paper-thin brassiere. The shapely fraulein laughed with amusement and purposely kept jiggling her shoulders in feigned annoyance, making the task more difficult. The beer customers cheered Tex when he completed the job.

Last phase of the Striptease Lottery was the G-string. The middle-aged Frenchman who held the winning number for that event was sure and confident. Taking firm hold of the filmy black lace, he eased it off deftly and triumphantly held it aloft. The fully nude torso-swayer ducked swiftly under his arm and disappeared into her dressing room. Applause and whistles drowned out a jazzy rendition of "Come to Me, My Melancholy Baby."

This unique floor show is a nightly feature on the *Reeperbahn,* Hamburg's main drag of neon-blazing pleasure palaces running some five hundred yards through the famous Saint Pauli port district. The *Reeperbahn* is Germany's bad-girl block, where a no-holds-barred policy produces the wildest sin street in the world.

A visit to the *Reeperbahn* is one never forgotten—this reporter is still shocked by it. The bawdy block, which is a short five-minute trek from the Elbe River waterfront, has more flamboyant night life concentrated along one strip than in the rest of Germany put together.

One of the favorite hangouts is the Tabu, where sailors like to go to look in on the club's famous "fashion show"—a dozen girls whose supple figures are a credit to the twelve nations they represent. The girls, who represent a kind a stripped-down United Nations, are the most naked ever displayed in public anywhere. The audience goes wholeheartedly for a gimmick of voting for (*Continued on page* 78)

See left: They dance and sing and usually are free after show in plush night club.

Above: She's pretty, free for the night and waiting for suggestions, preferably male.

Above right: Here is the street in Hamburg night life where practically anything goes.

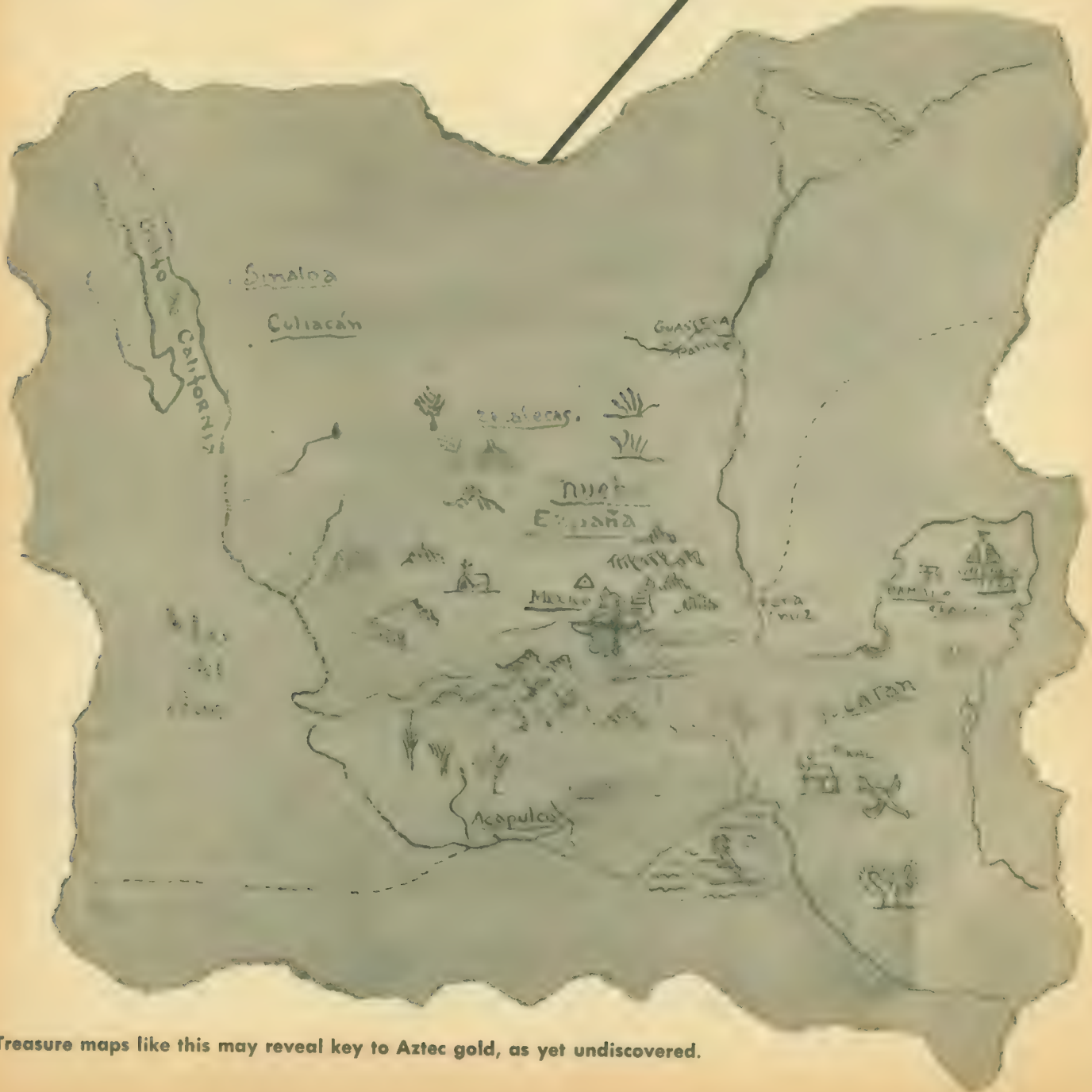
Right: You can dine in fabulous luxury here, live in squalor. It's up to you.

PHOTOS BY BIRNBACK

TREASURE BELOW!

By Gordon Schendel

FOUL ANCHOR ARCHIVES



Treasure maps like this may reveal key to Aztec gold, as yet undiscovered.

Somewhere, hidden, forgotten, fabulous Aztec gold is waiting. In this article may lie breathtaking road signs to buried treasure below the Border

■ THERE are billions of dollars in buried and long-forgotten treasure in Mexico just waiting to be discovered.

In fact, because of several unique circumstances, there undoubtedly is far more treasure hidden in Mexico than in any other comparable area; more, possible, than in all other parts of the world, lumped together.

It includes the fabulous treasure hoards of the ancient Aztecs, Mayans, Olmecs, Toltecs, Zapotecs and Mixtecs, only a part of which was found by Cortes and his Conquistadores. There are also vast amounts of treasure which was buried by wealthy Mexicans during the long, chaotic period of almost endless civil wars. Much of this treasure has never been recovered. In addition, there was considerable loot buried, by those guerrilla leaders who repeatedly ravaged the country. Many of them were killed before they could return to dig it up and enjoy it.

And then there is the famous lost Emperor Maximilian Treasure . . .

Monctezuma, the tragic last ruling Emperor of the Aztecs, never revealed the secret hiding place of his great nation's Imperial Treasure even though Cortes' gold-hungry Conquistadores fried the soles of his feet over a slow fire to loosen his tongue. This happened just before the Spaniards forced the captive ruler to mount a parapet and attempt to disperse a furious mob of his people, who were storming the Aztec Imperial Treasury building. One of the attacking Indians, suspecting the naïve Monctezuma of treason, caved in the Imperial skull with a well-directed stone.

The Spaniards were convinced that the Aztecs had hurriedly hauled away the national treasure and effectively hidden it. Some historians have guessed that to balk the hated Spaniards the Aztecs dumped the nation's treasure in the broad, mud-bottomed lake which then surrounded the magnificent Aztec capital of Tenochtitlan, now Mexico City. If so, it is undoubtedly under the city's impressive new airport, or beneath a brand-new governmental housing development.

The adventurer, Hernando Cortes, was obsessed to the day of his death by his failure to have found and handed over to his monarch the vanished Aztec Imperial Treasure. Cortes never gave up seeking it, nor could he be persuaded it did not exist.

In fact, it was this obsession which doubtless impelled him to undertake another, and seemingly senseless, expedition into the almost impassable jungles of Honduras. His ostensible purpose was to try to find a second rich Indian city, as magnificent as conquered Tenochtitlan, which lay hidden somewhere in that area.

Significantly, Cortes removed from prison the fiery

FOUL ANCHOR ARCHIVES

Sacrifice of Spanish captives. Rigid Aztec rites provided stern punishment for invaders of their treasure temples.

Diver holds up coral-encrusted musket recovered from British frigate believed to have sunk off Florida Keys about 1697.

PHOTO U.P.I.

TREASURE BELOW! CONTINUED

young patriot, Cuauhtemoc, nephew of the slain Montezuma and took him on the expedition.

But the Honduran jungles yielded no treasure, and Cortes returned without Cuauhtemoc. He blandly reported he'd hanged the last Emperor of the Aztecs for plotting a rebellion against His Majesty, the King of Spain.

However, tongues wagged at the time with a tale that has seeped down through the centuries: That it was not treason, but treasure, which caused Cuauhtemoc's death. That Cortes, still doggedly determined to find the vanished Imperial Aztec Treasure, and convinced that the last of the Aztec emperors would be the one person who should know where it had been hidden, had dreamed up that Honduran expedition and taken Cuauhtemoc into the jungle so that he could, without interruption, worm the secret out of his royal captive. It was obvious that Cuauhtemoc had died under unyielding torture rather than disclose the secret to his hated conqueror.

And so, presumably, that vast imperial Aztec treasure still is waiting to be found somewhere in Mexico.

The amount of treasure that undoubtedly remains undiscovered in Mexico really stuns the imagination, especially if one presumes that, as with icebergs, most of its hidden. For, even if Cortes did miss out on the Aztec treasure jackpot, the loot which the Spaniards took from the Aztecs was really astounding. It added up to such an astonishing total, that just to send back to Spain "the royal fifth" required a large fleet of high-masted galleons, twice yearly.

These were the same Spanish bullion fleets, which were preyed upon by Morgan, Drake, LaFitte and other maurauders of the Spanish Main. They in turn piled up fantastic loot, much of which is still buried on lonely Caribbean islands.

HOWEVER, the Aztecs' Tenochtitlan was only the last of a number of city-state Indian civilizations which flowered in Mexico, and, according to many archeologists, not even the most magnificent. For, in what have become archeologically world-famous sites, at Chichen-Itza, Uxmal and Kabah on Mexico's Yucatan Peninsula, at Monte Alban and Mitla, just north of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and at Palenque in Chiapas, the impressive ruins of a half dozen more cities have been found, deep in the jungle.

Why these monumental cities were abandoned has not been learned. The Zapotecs are known to have been conquered by the Aztecs. But the other races are believed to have died out or deserted their splendid cities before the Aztecs ever arrived on the shores of the mountain lake on which they built their capital.

Sufficient gold and jeweled ornaments have been found in these archeological sites to indicate that these races valued and used the precious metals and gem stones much as the Aztecs did. And the river sands and mountains of Mexico are rich in gold, silver and precious gems. Presumably the ruling priesthoods piled up impressive treasures in their temples for the glorification of their gods.

But what has become of these treasures?

Government archeologists, who have done an impressive amount of excavation and restoration at these sites, occasionally have stumbled on eye-popping treasures, usually in the tomb of a high priest. But their finds have been negligible, because, obviously, as in Egypt's famous Burial Place of the Kings, the grave-robbers got there first.

At the Monte Alban site, I found evidence that convinced me. Monte Alban was an awesome metropolis of pyramids, temples, and palaces built on the sheared-off top of a mountain that overlooked a fertile valley. And all around on the steep flanks of this mountain are scattered, like raisins in a cake, the stone tombs of the city's high priesthood and nobility. Mexican archeologists located over a hundred and fifty. Most of them, obviously had been opened and looted long ago. However, the excavators did manage to find, under a deep covering of camouflaging earth, a single tomb.

For, although this tomb looked no more important than the others, treasures found inside were so impressive that an entire room has been set aside for their exhibition at the State Museum in nearby Oaxaca. They included beautiful eggshell-thin bowls and goblets carved from onyx and alabaster, gold jewelry of exquisite design, and pearls as large as olives. There may be more intact, treasure-filled tombs at Monte Alban which have been covered by landslides during the last thousand years.

The Mexican Government is making attempts to recover some of the archeological treasures which have been stolen from the nation. But this is uphill work, especially because of the constant looting which has gone on for centuries. To aid such recoveries, Mexican officials have been authorized to seize any treasure found—which is the principal reason discoveries nowadays aren't publicized.

Recently, the Government archeologists persuaded the Boston Museum to return to Mexico a large quantity of ceremonial utensils, gold jewelry encrusted with precious stones, the gift from a wealthy American who found it on his plantation in Yucatan.

Suspecting that a deep natural stone pool on his land might have been used by the ancient Mayans as a sacrificial lake, this American confirmed his hypothesis by diving into the black water. In the muck at the bottom he found not only the gold utensils and gem-encrusted jewelry, but also scores of skeletons of young Indian girls. Undoubtedly they were virgins who'd been hurled alive into the pool by the priests as sacrifices. The Mexican government archeologists subsequently took over the pool, and at last reports were continuing to bring up golden trinkets and the bones of virgins.

In spite of the Government's attempts to stop such activities, treasure hunters continue to dig illegally and secretly into the ancient tombs. They are lured, of course, by the stories—both true and false—of the big finds constantly being made.

A YEAR AGO, Mexico City newspapers front-paged a story which asserted that the looting of archeological sites on the Yucatan Peninsula had become a big-time operation, carried on by groups that were secretly hauling away shiploads of archeological treasures.

Admittedly, adequate policing of Mexico's archeological sites to prevent such looting is an almost impossible task. Mexico has a coastline (*Continued on page* 75)

Treasure hoard shows pieces-of-eight (crude "cob" coins) of Spanish Colonial mints in Mexico, Peru and Columbia.

FOUL ANCHOR ARCHIVES

ROAD FROM RUSSIA

BY WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY SHANNON STIRNWEIS

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE HOUSE PAINTER OF MUNICH MET THE LITTLE CORPORAL SOMEWHERE ALONG THE DARK AND DANGEROUS ROAD OF NO RETURN? ■ At five minutes of two Colonel Wolfgang von Leeb entered the room which he used as an office when he visited general headquarters. He picked up the telephone and spoke curtly to the operator. A voice from the air field answered him presently.

"Von Leeb speaking," he said. "What is the weather now?"

"Clear to Berlin, sir. Do arrangements still stand?"

"Arrangements stand," von Leeb said in his flat voice and hung up. He walked to the window and looked out for a moment. The building, once the home of a Russian, stood at the edge of a small village. Beyond, the snow stretched away unbroken to the forest.

Von Leeb shrugged impatiently and turned back to the fire. He was a tall man with a sharply carved face and he moved with precise sureness. (*Continued on page* 56)

**"We were here before, sire.
We know the road well."**

YOU CAN MAKE A QUICK BUCK IF YOU MANAGE TO STAY ALIVE, BOUNTY HUNTING

Killer Wolf

by LANCE KERMIT

PHOTOS BY BISHBACK

■ In Alaska, every year, vicious Arctic wolves kill off some 15,000 caribou, thus depriving the Eskimo of his chief source of food and clothing. To encourage hunters to destroy as many wolves as possible the government set a fifty-dollar bounty for every wolf killed, in addition to the forty to sixty dollars a good wolf pelt will bring.

But, in that barren country, with forty-below cold, there was little interest in trying to cash in on this opportunity until someone solved the hunting problem by taking a crack from the air at a galloping wolf with a shotgun. A new sport was thus born.

Bob Savaria, an old-time bush pilot, agreed to fly me, while another plane, with Dick Smith as the pilot and Bill Fisher as the hunter, went aloft in search of the wolves. We were to fly at about fifty feet altitude, where I could get a good crack at the action with my camera.

We checked all our gear, bundled into our parkas and climbed onto our respective aircraft, the pilots taking the front seats. On their snow skis, the little

planes skimmed down the frozen lake which serves Point Barrow for an airfield, and lifted their noses above the vast plain of ice.

This type of hunting has one advantage over any other—your quarry is not going to escape into heavy bush. Like everything else in northern Alaska, the wolf has nowhere to hide. The problem is to find him. There are about 100,000 square miles of nothingness to search.

I was glaring out at the ice field when Savaria suddenly banked into a right turn and sped off toward the other plane. This was the pre-arranged signal that tracks had been spotted.

At length, we discovered what we'd been hoping for—a caribou carcass, evidence that wolves were around. Finally we picked up the paw prints of two wolves and we were almost on top of them before we knew it. Frightened by the roar of the engines, our targets promptly split up, veering off at a wide angle, running crazily through the snow.

Dick wiggled his wings for us to follow the wolf closer to his

(Continued on page 79)

He couldn't move but his head was raised in a snarl. I went in for the kill.

THEY FOUGHT LIKE MEN, HATED LIKE WOMEN AND DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON, TURIN'S FEARSOME GUERILLA GIRLS THE NAZIS CALLED

"THE PIEDMONT HARLOTS"

BY CYRUS W. BELL

ILLUSTRATED BY SHANNON STIRNWEIS

■ AT the evening roll call the long rows of prisoners stood like figures carved from wood as the camp guards checked reports. Another day was over at Detention Camp #3, Women's Compound, outside the small town of Vinovo, a few miles from Turin, on the evening of September 20, 1944.

It had been a day like many others—a day of hate and monotony, hemmed in by barbed wire and German machine guns ever on the ready. Now with their six o'clock shadows stretching grotesquely on the bare earth, it was time for the sullen females to be locked in their barracks for the night.

Camp Commander Colonel Artur Herbert von Niemann, a Nazi officer with monocle and riding crop, sounded the order for the 846 women to about-face and march to their wooden cells. Some of the girls were still reasonably attractive, he mused, especially that big, dark-haired Annetta Dufour, whom he had whipped last night for insubordination. The way she had danced under the leathery blows with her arms tethered above had roused him no end.

"Maybe I'll call her in tonight," thought the Colonel, "She's no doubt a tiger in bed." And he snapped a turn and walked briskly to the orderly room.

What the C.O. didn't notice that evening was that there was trouble brewing. He hadn't noticed the sideway glances the girls gave each other. Nor the lip twitches and the eye flicking exchanges. He got no hint that night all 846 detainees of Detention Camp #3, Women's Compound, would stage a bloody breakout in one of the most horrible prison escapes of World War II.

The women filed into their wooden barracks, and dusk dropped over the compound, softening the ugly outlines of barbed wire, watch towers and Nazi helmets. Silence enfolded the camp.

But it was not the silence of sleep.

On this hot September evening, however, it was the stillness of 846 women holding their breath and waiting. For this was E-Day in camp, the day for which they had worked and planned weeks on end. No one suspected, least of all the German guards who patrolled outside with rifles slung over their shoulders and with boots crunching on gravel, that the women had collected a mass of weapons and (*Continued on page* 65)

Heavy rifle fire cut into the screaming tide of females as they surged to the wire.

SALERNO: BEACHHEAD IN HELL *Continued from page 19*

the beach. Those who couldn't sleep lay in their bunks thinking of the girl they left at home, or the curvacious Italian *signorina* they would be sure to meet along the road to Rome.

At one hour to midnight, the call to general quarters whooped loudly, and the night air filled with sounds of the ships' winches moving small landing craft to positions for lowering.

"It'll be a cinch," the square-jawed sergeant said. "Won't last a month." He hunched his pack higher on his shoulders and counted off his squad.

Staff Sergeant James A. Whitaker was a typical Texan, from San Antonio. Whitaker, like the famous Colonel William B. Travis at the Alamo, was cocksure of his fighting ability.

It was one minute past midnight—0001 hours. The loudspeakers blared instructions to load, and the whoop-whooop-whooop of the ship's sirens broke the stillness of the night.

"God! With all that hooting, how in the hell are we going to surprise anyone?" an officer cried out, unnerved at the Navy's noisy habit of sounding sirens loudly every time they were about to move.

At the signal, the first wave of GIs scrambled down the swinging ladder ropes in full battle dress.

A British naval officer came down from the bridge of his troop carrier to see his American visitors off, in keeping with the long tradition of the Royal Navy. He looked down on the little huddled group.

"Good-bye," he shouted, "and good . . ." His words faded in the growl of the craft's engines.

Lieutenant Colonel Edward D. McCall stood at the front of his assault craft and felt the cold, stinging spray as it cleared the swells. It felt better than in the ship's hold, where the pitching was magnified. Nevertheless, he was still nauseated. As a land soldier, he was a little tired of the sea. McCall commanded the Third Battalion, 141st Infantry Regiment, which would be among the first American troops to land on continental Europe.

As his craft continued to circle with the rest, McCall lost sight of the great armada of ships—450 of them he had been told—which had brought them safely through the night and now lay calm and unmolested ten miles from the beaches.

THE shore was a vague, dark line on the surface of the waters ahead. A few hundred yards off the coast, tiny scout landing crafts had taken up their positions in front of the four landing beaches—Red, Green, Yellow and Blue, so designated by the blinking color lights.

Lieutenant (j.g.) Grady Holloway took his position at a point some 400 yards off Green beach by taking a fix on the ancient medieval watch-tower at Paestum, which could be seen dimly in the dark. He kept a close look at his watch. It was 0130 hours. Since it would take the first wave two hours to sneak into shore from where they were circling, he began blinking his green light.

For a moment, Holloway thought he could distinguish German trucks moving on the mainland. The faint sounds of clanking tracks sent an icy-cold trickle down his spine. Those weren't trucks; they were tanks! His fears were suddenly confirmed.

There were Germans on the beaches.

Action soon became more evident on the mainland. German searchlights suddenly burst forth from the shore, scanning the beaches and the water. Infantrymen of the 36th, inexperienced in these matters, were certain that they had been spotted. A young soldier quietly sobbed from a bad attack of nerves, trying to hold back the tears that streaked down his freshly-shaved cheeks.

"Hell, if the Navy is as bad at poker as they are at trying to find land, we'll surely get lost . . . probably wind up in Naples first," an officer quipped, gripping his shoulder.

Just as he coaxed a smile on the boy's pale face, orange flashes followed by thundering explosions echoed along Salerno Bay. It was the barrage of naval gun fire in the British sector to the left. The columns of assault craft carrying the 36th steadily approached the beaches with Navy helmsmen keeping on course by the red lights in the stern of each vessel. H-Hour—0330 was now moments away.

Whatever lay ahead, there was certainly no turning back. The die was cast, the players about to learn their parts. The GIs of the untried 36th Division crouched grimly within the thin steel walls of their LCVPs, poised like race horses at the starting gate.

None, but the most hardened stomachs were unmoved by the pitching and tossing of the assault crafts,

U. S. ARMY PHOTO

Crewman rests while buddy is ready to defend 36th's attacking companies.

An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are **Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

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and the men were becoming weak from it. Chilled by the wet spray, cramped by immobility, weakened by seasickness—a hell of a way to go into battle for the first time!

H-Hour struck, quickly and inexorably. With traditional American precision, the leading craft of the 142nd Regiment hit land head-on at 3:30 A.M. along Red beach. Quickly the steel jaws of the LCVP opened. The donkey engines began to putter.

A sudden, single burst of machine gun fire ripped through the chilling morning air before the steel door could touch down. It was followed by the crescendoing roar of more machine guns, the crash of mortars and ear-piercing scream of 88-millimeter shells, splattering the dark beaches and water as troops slogged inland.

The LCVP carrying Staff Sergeant Quillian H. McMitchen and his men had not even struck land when fragments of an 88 shell crashed into their craft, tearing into McMitchen's chest. He whirled into the arms of his men, writhing in pain.

"Sarge is hit!"

"Medic! Medic!"

"What's wrong with this bitchin' door? We've got to get out of this death trap! Tell the Navy there's a war out there!"

The ramp had stuck upon reaching the beach and would not drop. In spite of his bleeding wounds, Sergeant McMitchen lunged forward and kicked and pounded the ramp with his boots. His men joined in until the door shook and dropped. As the sergeant led his group from the craft, a burst of machine gun fire caught him at the waist. He spun to the beach, his face buried in the sand.

Southward, along the Yellow and Blue beaches, the 141st had landed its first wave and fanned across the sand dunes, working their way through wire obstacles and mines, when intense machine gun fire pinned them down. The 88s and mortar fire caught the second wave of Texans by surprise.

Private James Logan, nicknamed "Lu Lu" because he hailed from Luling, Texas, was on the second wave as it waded ashore on Yellow beach. No sooner had he stepped on shore than than a splash of earth erupted forty yards in front of him. A concussion from an overhead blast of an 88 sent him reeling into the sand, eyes closed. When he looked up he saw two men had been hit, one on each side of him, neither more than fifteen feet away.

He began to feel an increasing breathlessness, an almost unbearable tension of waiting for the next shell. It came seconds later, rustling at first, then suddenly swelling into a screech and bursting with a blast that shook the air and crushed his eardrums.

By now, the enemy's artillery had moved out past the beaches and was falling in on the incoming landing crafts. Logan had a feeling of being naked and helpless on the beach, with nothing to do but keep moving and hope like hell he wasn't next.

On the beaches, infantrymen were still pinned down by machine guns, and snipers who worked from behind the protective Paestum Tower. In scattered positions, German tanks pounded away. Men against tanks! How long could they hold on without being pushed out to sea? It would be hours before the artillery boys with anti-tank weapons would make it ashore. The infantryman's objective was a railroad some 2,500 yards inshore, where the division had pre-planned to organize and push forward quickly to the hills.

In the darkness, a loudspeaker blared out and an obviously German voice cried out in English: "Come on in and surrender. We have you covered!"

Detached parties of soldiers, separated from leaders, charged up the sand with individually-initiated battle cries, mostly obscene.

The Texans ran straight into a tornado of bullets. The Germans had them in deathly ambush, as if they had known all along that the Americans were coming. Snipers from the Paestum Tower continued to pick off the GIs as they struggled out of ditches and other means of cover.

AT the first crack of dawn, groups of German Mark IV tanks appeared from behind buildings and brick walls, firing as they came. The lightly-armed Texans, still unequipped with anti-tank guns, took refuge in houses or in drainage canals.

Colonel Richard J. Werner, the mustached commander of the 141st Regimental Combat Team, grabbed his Cannon Company commander, Captain Fred A. Booth, with instructions to return to the beach and locate the sector's naval gun observer, Ensign Alistain Semple.

"For Christ's sake, have Semple radio a message for naval gun support. This ain't no goddamn surprise invasion any more. We're being swept back out to sea!"

Captain Booth raced to the water's edge where he found Ensign Semple.

"Tell that Navy brass of yours to pour it on," Booth shouted.

Naval beach officers were busy shouting, too, trying to sort out a fantastic muddle of vehicles and men that was suddenly piling up at the water's edge. The third assault waves were coming ashore, only to find the first two waves were still pinned down on the beaches and working slowly in their advance. Frantically, the Navy officers urged the troops to "get up and go!" so that the landing crafts could be unloaded and sent back to their mother ships to reload. Offshore, burning landing crafts were drifting around while others which had received direct hits were sunk, their bows emerging through the shallow waters like tombstones in a cemetery. With the third wave, the two-and-one-half-ton amphibious "Dukws" carrying artillery came ashore with much-needed 105-mm Howitzers of the 133rd Field Artillery Ballalion.

Captain Ross Ayers of Waxahachie, Texas, directed two 105s to shore two, but to his dismay he watched several other Dukws carrying the rest of his artillery turn back out to sea. Three 75-mm self-propelled cannons also came in on the third wave in the 141st's sector, but one LCM carrying one of the cannons was turned back to the Navy, due to the heavy shelling. The other two 75s were unloaded, and Lieutenant Colonel Carol C. Smith, first battalion commander of the 141st, tried to get them into position.

Sergeant Guy E. Spencer grabbed one of the guns and with his crew began to pull it off the beaches. It struck a mine and the blast sent the gun reeling over on its side. Spencer and his men lay nearby, wounded and unable to crawl for cover. The second 75 was manuevered into the sand dunes safely and, within minutes, Lieutenant Clair F. Carpenter had his highly-trained crew sighting down at several advancing Mark IV tanks. Their first shot was a direct hit, the tank blowing apart like a boiler com-

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U. S. ARMY PHOTO

Chaplain of 1st Battalion, 141 Infantry Regiment, covers one of the bodies during evacuation of American dead to 36th Division cemetary at Paestum.

ing apart at its seams. Hastily, they tried to reload, but an 88 shell crashed nearby and shrapnel smashed into their gun sight, knocking it out of commission.

Carpenter, non-native "Texan" from Omaha, Nebraska, charged across the beach under enemy fire to the disabled 75mm gun which had been blown to bits by the mine. He checked its gun sight and found it was undamaged. Again he footed it quickly across the sandy beach to his crew. Corporal Edgar L. Blackburn of Garland, Texas, tried to replace the new gun sight. From somewhere, a machine gunner found his mark and Blackburn crashed down to the dunes. Carpenter grabbed the sight and tried himself. Another spurt of machine-gun fire caught him, and he fell, severely wounded.

PRIVATE Logan could not find his Company One buddies as he took a position along the bank of an irrigation canal, some 800 yards inland. Behind him he watched a few of his own infantrymen trying to cross the embankments of the canal, making perfect targets against the skyline. They were being badly beaten back as machine guns swept every inch of the ground above him.

Nearby, Logan could hear a German machine gunner pounding away. He peeked over the top of his embankment and saw the smoke and dust billowing from behind a rock wall 200 yards ahead. He waited for someone to give the signal to run, but he was all alone. Instinctively, he crawled out of his protection and raced toward the wall.

Halfway across, the machine-gunner belched bullets at him, spraying Logan with dirt and rock as he dived headlong behind a protective hedgerow. Breathless, he again peered through the brush and just in time to see three drab figures leap through a gap in the wall with bayonets fixed on the end of their rifles.

Logan brought his M-1 into position and popped off three rounds as the Germans came within twenty yards of him. The trio spun in a quick, twisting dance of death and fell to earth. Logan waited for the machine gun to bark back at him, but there was only silence. Then he dashed headlong again, across the exposed ground and past the three dead bodies of Germans toward the wall, his heart pounding with his feet, his vision juggled with his running.

Brrddt-t-t-t . . . brr-rap!! Ripping machine-gun fire spewed the sand around him and tore apart the molecules of the air about him.

LOGAN lunged the last few feet, to the rock wall, miraculously untouched. He was now within an arm's reach of the enemy.

His heart pounded, partly from the running, partly from knowing that live Germans were on the other side of that wall.

He had never seen a live German before; he wondered what they looked like. Crawling alongside the wall, inching closer and closer to the ear-splittering rattle of the German machine gun, Logan went so slowly he wondered if he was moving at all. He felt his auditory nerves flush to anger and suddenly he felt he had manuevered directly opposite the weapon.

With an expertly executed leap, he sailed over the wall, his rifle snapping loose the rounds from his clip. Two German gunners cried out in surprise, then in sharp pain as they sprawled lifeless from the gun.

A half dozen other German soldiers suddenly sprang from the wall and, with panic written on their faces, started a retreating run. Logan grabbed the machine gun and swung it around at the fleeing Germans. With the remaining belt of ammunition, the gun burst loose like a Texas rattlesnake. Four more Germans whirled to the ground, dead.

When it had clicked off its final round, Logan grabbed the gun, gripped by a sudden second breath, and smashed the weapon against the rock wall until it was thoroughly broken and no longer useful.

Logan suddenly became limp with exhaustion and leaned against the rock wall waiting for his buddies to catch up with him and move on out toward the railroad. A bit dazed by his actions, his thoughts turned to a possible promotion after this bit of handiwork. The possibility of receiving the Congressional Medal of Honor never entered his mind. It was just another troublesome German machine gun out of the way.

German tanks began their attack, rolling out of their protective cover all along the beachhead. Sergeant Whitaker had led his platoon of Company B, 141st Infantry, along a shallow gully when he heard the sounds of engines ahead. He took his field glasses and made out the faint outlines of tanks, moving out from behind the buildings where they had been hiding.

"I think we have company. Tanks!" he told his men.

"Goddamn. Those Jerries got all the tanks. We ain't got a damn tank on shore yet," one of his men yelled.

Whitaker checked his submachine gun as he saw the turret hatches of the lead tank slam down. The long,

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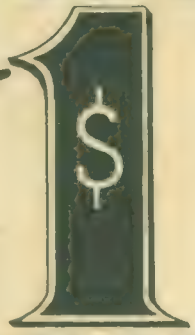

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	60 to 64	3.50	10.15	19.95	38.35
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	FIRST NAME • MIDDLE NAME • LAST NAME	DATE OF BIRTH MO	DAY	YR	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	SEX
1.							
2.							
3.							
4.							
5.							

1. Are you and all persons named herein now in good health and free from any physical defects or deformities to the best of your knowledge? _____
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   If the answer is yes, please give details

I have read the foregoing questions and I represent and affirm each answer to be true. I agree to accept the policy that may be issued upon this application. I also agree that the company shall not be liable for payment of any benefits upon sickness, disease, or injury, arising prior to the date of acceptance of this application. I reserve the right to return the policy within 10 days and receive my money back if I should decide not to continue it.

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wicked tube of the tank's gun swung toward him.

"Here it comes! Get down!" The shell screamed over their heads and burst behind them.

"Commence firing! Commence firing!" Whitaker shouted.

His men began to put out a ragged volume of fire as he raced toward the approaching tank, running low but fully exposed as he swung his submachine gun into action and fired into the small aperature of the tank. It lurched, then stalled. The tank machine gunner swept the ground as Whitaker raced for cover. He felt a searing pain across his legs, and they gave way beneath him. He tried to move them but there was no response.

The Mark IV started up again as the gunner kept Whitaker's men pinned down in their ditches. The Texas sergeant grabbed another clip of ammunition and slammed it home into his Tommy gun. His weapon came alive again, recoiling with each spurt, and the tank swung itself sideways and moved off in another direction. His platoon had been saved.

A curtain of darkness descended upon Whitaker but his rudimentary awareness came back a few seconds later. He was still stretched out on the ground, his legs split open by the machine-gun fire. A couple of feet away lay his helmet which had been gashed in at least two places, one hole at the front and another ripping through the side.

There was no pain; no feeling at all. His shocked perceptions groped for an understanding of what had happened. He saw the motion of figures of men running at a half crouch, zig-zagging through shell fire. He knew there must be danger, and he tried to yell for help. His voice, once strong, was weak.

He struggled to drag himself away. Dropping his helmet, he stubbornly picked it up, only to have it drop again. A red drapery of blood blurred his vision but he found the helmet again. He was determined to preserve it; he didn't know why. He found a well dug-out place to fall into as an oncoming shell whistled overhead. He saw the hole had been well-prepared, and he realized that only a German soldier would have had the time to dig such an elaborate defense. He half-smiled, because the Germans were not there any more.

It was 0755 hours when General Walker and his party approached Red Beach. Here, neither Army engineers nor Navy shore parties had been able to cope with the vast amount of supplies that had been continually hauled off from the vessels.

Close inshore, the water was littered with abandoned equipment, some damaged, some not. Bulldozers and tractors had not yet come ashore to drag the material into the shelter of the sand dunes. Walker was at least pleased to note that the dead bodies of his American troops had been removed, but discarded helmets, a ripped-open boot all rammed home that the invasion was not a pleasure trip and that Naples was still miles and days ahead of them.

Enemy shells, though sporadic, continued to sail into the shallow water as Walker started for the railway. At the same time, Private Leonard L. Roy, driver of Walker's radio jeep, was driving his vehicle off the LCVP when an 88 shell screamed overhead and burst, sending Walker's party scurring for cover.

Roy received a direct hit by shrapnel, and the boy's scream told Walker that he would have to foot it the rest of the day.

WALKING along the railroad, toward a tobacco warehouse where he was to set up his initial command post, Walker passed two abandoned German radio sets. He was amused to hear German military commands coming through the speakers with no German on the receiving end.

The large warehouse had been deserted by the Italians, although stalks of tobacco still hung from its rafters. Walker immediately set up his operation.

All of his staff officers were with him except Lieutenant Colonel Robert M. Ives, his G-1, whose voice crackled over the shortwave. He had climbed into the bell tower of a church on the outskirts of Paestum.

"It's pretty hot up here, and I don't mean the weather. The Krauts have got into a cave on Mount Soprano, near the top of the peak. They can observe everything. We seem to be holding on, but they're tossing everything our way. With those Krauts looking down from the mountain, I feel just like a hunk of bacteria in a bottle . . ."

He cut himself off quickly, but his voice crackled again, this time several octaves higher.

"Tanks coming! German tanks are heading your way . . . There must be a dozen!"

WALKER could see a cloud of dust a hundred yards down the road, unmistakably tanks barrelling down upon them. He led his headquarters staff away from the tobacco warehouse and into a ditch below the Paestum road. From the beach area, a two and a half-ton Dukws appeared and artillery men of the 155th Field Artillery Battalion hastily hauled out its 105mm howitzer and swung it around into position. From another direction, Technical Sergeant John Whitaker of Cannon Company, 143d Infantry, was heading his 75mm self-propelled mounted weapon to his regimental command post a short distance from the tobacco warehouse.

Whitaker's crew scored the first hit. The tank was lost in a cloud of dust.

Moments later, the 75 claimed its second victim, sending it waywardless into a ravine. Several Germans leaped from the flames and black smoke gushed from within its steel walls. The attacking tanks became disorganized, firing point-blank, unable to see what was ahead.

For Whitaker and his crew, the job of junking German armor seemed easy. Within half an hour, already five Mark IV tanks sat smoking, motionless in the wake of the blistering battle.

When the tanks retreated, Walker approached Sergeant Whitaker and his crew, praising them for their well-done marksmanship. Then he turned to Whitaker, a National Guard veteran of fifteen years from Fort Worth.

"From right now soldier, I commission you a second lieutenant, U. S. Army. A credit to the fine state you come from, Whitaker," Walker said. He requested that Whitaker keep his gun crew near the division command post to prevent other such attacks, then he went back to the warehouse.

Upon returning, General Walker found Lieutenant Colonel John N. (Pete) Green, 132nd Field Artillery commander, busily listening to his batteries chatter on the shortwave. Suddenly, a voice cried out: "Holy heaven, Joe—Germans! I can't get a true fix. They're all over the goddamn place. Crawling like ants."

Another voice commanded: "B Battery, stand by to fire for effect."

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Colonel Green grabbed the radio's handset and retorted, "Battery, hell! Make that battalion!"

There was a bit of quietness on the radio. It was obvious that the radio operators on the listening end were trying to place the mystery voice. It didn't take long to recognize Pete Green's gusty growl.

"Yessir!" came the reply.

Their objective was Hill 386, a projection running northwest from Mount Soprano and ending abruptly in a cliff just above the junction of the roads to Capaccio and Rocca d' Aspide. The hill was covered with small trees, sloping steeply downward. Somewhere on that slope, the Germans were dug in. From the stubble of vegetation, General Walker could see a far-spreading cloud of smoke rising. Large, rapidly springing bursts of smoke leaped from the woods as shells struck, sometimes setting fire to the trees. The division's big 4.2-inch mortars were giving the Germans hell.

Near Hill 386, Captain Zerk Robertson of Merkel, Texas, advanced a part of his company cautiously through the ravines choked with rubble and splintered timber, and along hedges spattered with strips of flesh and uniforms, where the 143rd Infantry had not centered their movement. Snipers caused the men to duck for cover, slowing them in their advance to gain control of the hill.

Captain Robertson spotted one sniper in the window of a small evacuated farm building, and he turned to his top NCO, Technical Sergeant Charles E. Kelly, a native of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who had a habit of sniffing out trouble.

"Kelly! Get that Thompson of yours and teach that Kraut a lesson," Robertson ordered. With a smile emitting from his polished white teeth, Kelly crawled away with his Tommy gun.

IN a few minutes, Robertson and his men heard Sergeant Kelly's submachine gun rip off a few rounds. Puffs of dust spouted from the wall. Another spurt, and another . . . and the puffs moved inexorably, steadily up the building to the window, inch by inch. The sniper crouching in the window was blasted out.

Robertson again moved his men along, nearing the base of the hill. A hundred yards ahead of them, they could see German helmets moving along a ditch. His men lay down to regroup. All was ready. There was only one thing left to do.

"Fix bayonets!"

The command seemed to bring the entire group to life. There was the nasty snick of the bayonets locking home.

Captain Robertson fingered his Bren, looked to the right and left, then moved his men out in a brisk walk. He glanced to his right and saw Sergeant Kelly, licking his lips, grinning a dead grin.

They broke into a trot, a run, a mad charge, screaming, yelling. Fifty yards . . . forty yards . . . thirty . . . twenty . . . and, with a wild yell, Kelly was over and in the ditch.

The trench was ten feet deep. He hit the bottom with a crash and saw gray-green figures. He squeezed the trigger of his sub-machine gun.

A jam! In his frantic frenzy, Kelly tried to shake out the bum cartridge.

A voice cried out, "What in the goddamn hell are you doing?"

Sweat poured from Kelly's forehead. They had charged some of their own men of "L" Company, with an assortment of Germans varying from the very dead to those petrified with fright.

Several hundred yards away, Robertson heard a thunderous cough.

"Our tank!" someone shouted.

Sure, enough, a Sherman tank appeared in the clearing.

The 36th Reconnaisance Squadron had made it ashore.

BY nightfall, Captain Robertson and the 143rd Infantry were in control of the southeast slope of Mount Soprano, and a vital stretch of the road leading to the plain stretching out to the critical Sele River. Units of the 142nd occupied the plain just south of the river, as well as the righ ground around Hill 140, an average distance of five miles from the beaches.

Supply dumps had been set up on the beaches, where the engineers had labored efficiently and tirelessly under constant fire.

The hours of confusion had passed. Anti-aircraft batteries were in position, and communications were finally working.

The 36th Division from Texas, baptized into battle, had reached its initial objective; a beachhead had been secured.

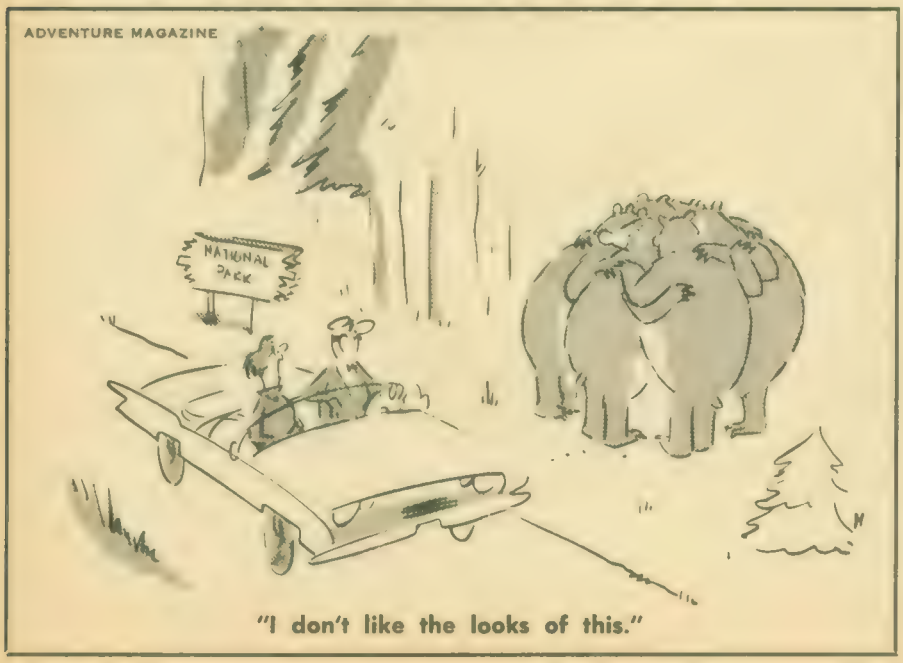
Sergeant Whitaker lay on his litter, waiting to be taken back to a ship for medical treatment of his tangled legs. The war for the San Antonio soldier was over. It had lasted one day.

He turned to the bandaged soldier next to him who was bleeding from the nose and mouth.

"Where you from, kid?" Whitaker asked.

There was no answer. A medic walked up and crouched alongside the wounded, speechless soldier. He fanned away the hordes of giant mosquitoes attempting to feast on the boy's open wounds. Then the aide man stopped short, and lifted the eyelids several times, before turning to Whitaker.

"He was from Texas, Sarge." ■



"I don't like the looks of this."

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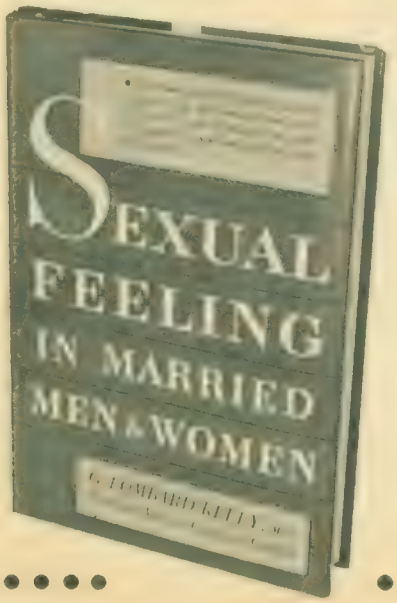

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(2) It abounds in important pieces of information generally overlooked, even in more expensive books—enlarging the male organ to a maximum, the wife's assistance in overcoming semi-impotence, an excellent glossary, eliminating the problems caused by over-sized and under-sized husbands, erotic fears of wives, solving the problems posed by menstruation, problems of the sexually frustrated wife (with case histories), the wife's part in sexual activities, etc.;

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ROAD FROM RUSSIA

Continued form page 41

He stood with his back to the fire and smoked while he waited. It was two-fifteen when he heard the sound of angry voices in the corridor and he smiled thinly as he went across to open the door. The sentry had dropped his bayonet to bar the way to the heavy-set man who stood there, his face red with anger.

Von Leeb, his face blank, said, "It's all right, Corporal. This is General Kettler of the Luftwaffe. Come in, sir."

The soldier stood aside. He was a man of middle age with a sharply pointed face and a scar which ran down his cheek. General Kettler pushed by him, swearing as von Leeb closed the door.

"Insolent dog! By God, he'll learn soon enough who I am! Keep me cooling my heels . . ."

Von Leeb, said. "But he isn't your soldier, General. He's the Fuhrer's. That makes a difference, doesn't it?"

Von Leeb shrugged.

"Come, General. The Fuhrer has made this visit unaccompanied either by the Gestapo or by his S.S. Guard as an expression of his trust in the Army. It is only natural that he should wish a few men about him, like Corporal Breden, who are members of his household."

"And like yourself," Kettler said.

"And like myself," von Leeb said.

Kettler's lips tightened. "Of course he trusts the Army. But how many able generals are going to die of heart disease this time when he gets back to Berlin?"

Von Leeb said softly, "Careful, sir."

The color drained from Kettler's face. "I talk too damned much! Forget it, will you?"

A coal popped in the fireplace and Kettler started. Von Leeb could see the signs of strain about the man's eyes. The deepening lines around his mouth. He had seen the same signs in the faces of the soldiers who were fighting up there in the snow and bitter cold.

Kettler was pulling himself together. He shrugged and the timbre of his voice changed. "The runway will be ready for you to take off at three. When you get back to Berlin you might call my wife. Tell her that things are going all right, will you?"

Von Leeb nodded. "I'll tell her. Aren't things going well?"

Kettler picked up his cap. "Oh, well enough, I guess. We have fallen back to shorten our lines, but when spring comes . . ." He shrugged.

He turned and went out through the door. Von Leeb stared thoughtfully after him. It was two-thirty when he went across the room and rapped on a door. A petulant voice called, "Who is it?"

"Colonel Von Leeb, sir."

THE Fuhrer blinked at von Leeb. The gray light from the window made his face seem sallow, pudgy and misshapen. Contempt flowed through von Leeb as he stood there looking at the man in the unkempt uniform and the drooping hair. "Filthy little politician!" he thought. But his face showned nothing.

"Well, what is it, von Leeb? Is the plane ready? Cannot you understand that I must get to Berlin?"

"It is the snow, sir," von Leeb explained. "They are now clearing the runway."

The Fuhrer rapped impatiently on the desk. "Excuses! Always excuses! Cannot the Army do anything right? Must I always do everything!"

A faint flush darkened von Leeb's face. But he refrained from speaking. He could not indulge himself in the luxury of anger yet. The Fuhrer left the table to pace back and forth, jerking his hands in quick gestures, as he spoke, angrily, his voice shrill.

"Well, what do *you* think, von Leeb? You have seen the maps and listened to reports. What do you think? How can I trust what these generals of mine tell me? Excuses! Excuses! They can't take Stalingrad! They can't take Moscow! They can't take Leningrad What, in God's name, *can* they take?"

Von Leeb said nothing. Beyond the window he could see deeply banked snow. The Fuhrer came forward into the middle of the room, and his voice dropped confidentially.

"It is not so bad, is it, von Leeb? They are lying to me with their stories of our men freezing to death?"

Von Leeb shrugged. "No, they are not lying sir."

The Fuhrer sucked at his lower lip. He said, "What should I do, von Leeb? Perhaps it was a mistake to come into Russia? But my intuition told me that it was the thing to do and my intuition has never been wrong."

"You follow your destiny, sir," von Leeb said in a tight voice. "Or your destiny follows you."

The Fuhrer threw back his shoulders and the domineering note came back in his voice. "My destiny, von Leeb! In a few short weeks my armies will be on the march again. It is only Russia's winter that has slowed them now!"

"As it stopped Bonaparte," von Leeb murmured.

The Fuhrer stopped pacing. "Damn you, von Leeb! What do you mean?"

Von Leeb shrugged. "Just a chance remark, sir. There is a similarity between your career and that of the Corsican. . . ."

He stopped and lighted a cigarette. He must not overplay his hand. There was still time for the Fuhrer to change his mind about the return to Berlin. Von Leeb went on casually:

"Both of you were corporals, serving an alien state. Both of you rose to be head of that state. Both were the most successful soldiers of your time and both were administrators, lawgivers and diplomats." Von Leeb's voice had taken on a dreamy quality. "There was nothing that Napoleon could not do—except come back from Russia."

The Fuhrer's voice screamed at him. "What are you saying? Have I not said over and over again that I will not make the mistakes that Napoleon made?"

Von Leeb thrust up his hand. "Heil Hitler!" he said. "I forgot myself, sir. I shall—"

The bluster went suddenly out of the Fuhrer. "No, no! You must stay with me, von Leeb. You and Corporal Breden are the only ones I can trust now. You must go back with me to Berlin!"

VON Leeb settled in the pilot's seat, glanced at the hard profile of the co-pilot. Lieutenant Wermetch, who was to have been co-pilot on the trip, had been killed four hours earlier. This new man might be difficult, von Leeb thought; he had the flat stare of a veteran of the Luftwaffe and a practised ease in the way he handled the controls. Kettler spoke briefly of him.

"A good man, Captain Bulow. We

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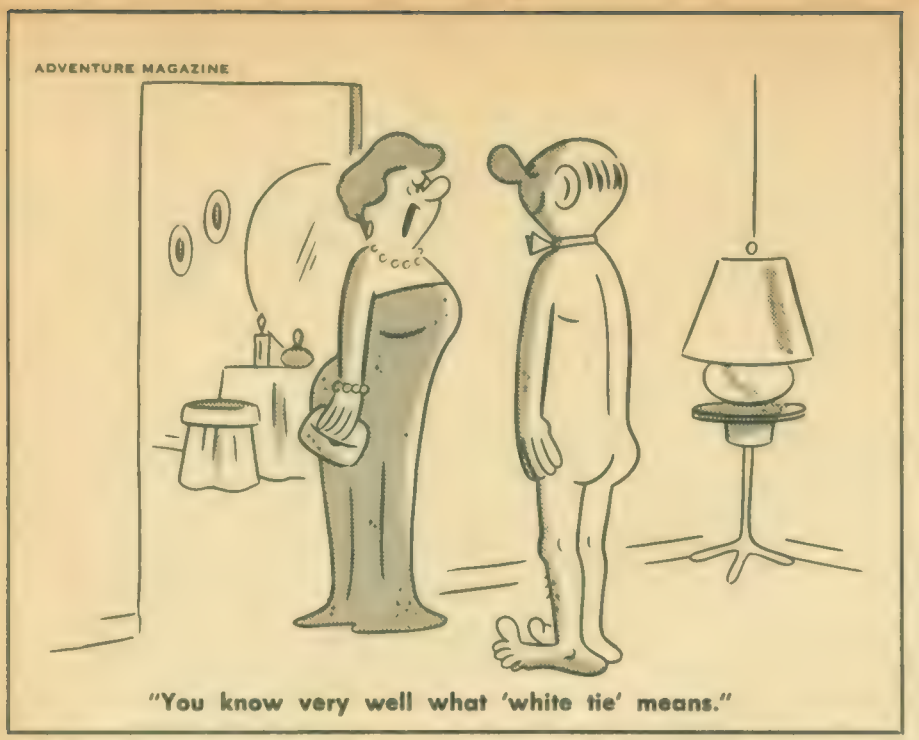

"You know very well what 'white tie' means."

wouldn't give you anything else."

"A Party man?"

"One of the best. You have nothing to fear."

Von Leeb had smiled faintly.

"All right. Good luck, General. I'll call your wife."

Now he slid the throttles open and the roar of the engines drove back at him in a solid wall of sound.

Von Leeb twisted to look back. The Fuhrer was sitting in the small cabin, hunched forward.

"All ready, sir?" von Leeb asked.

The Fuhrer nodded stiffly and, at von Leeb's gesture, Breden closed the cabin door. Corporal Breden was a remarkable man, von Leeb thought. To look at him you would never guess that anything motivated him except the orders he was given or the instinct to wolf down food when food was to be had and to slobber over a wench now and then. It was truly the Bredens of the world that fooled you.

AT seventeen minutes after five they were flying at six thousand feet over a snow carpet that was unbroken except for occasional black patches of woods and the dull shine of a river thirty miles ahead. Von Leeb glanced again at the man beside him. A killer, born and bred. Well probably he would be easier to handle than would a man who was moved by more human impulses. Von Leeb turned his attention to what lay ahead.

The river came swiftly nearer and soon they were over it and von Leeb saw the landmark for which he had been searching. He changed course to the south. Captain Bulow's voice cut through the snarl of the propellers.

"You're off your course!"

Von Leeb's expression became sardonic but his voice was placid. "That bend in the river is a good landmark; we'll take a fresh departure from there."

"What do you want a departure for?"

Bulow's voice was scornful and for an instant, resentment surged through von Leeb. The damned pup! He thought he knew all about flying, did he? Well, he couldn't match a record which had begun twenty-six years before with von Richthofen's squadron.

"I'll do the navigating," he snapped.

Captain Bulow leaned forward, his face sullen, and von Leeb kicked the special valve connection unnoticed. After seconds he felt the plane lift as she dumped her gas. Bulow turned his head, his hard eyes probing.

"What the hell happened?" he said.

"Updraft," von Leeb said. "It's the river."

The forest was a scant two miles ahead when the sputter of the starboard engine cut into the silence. Von Leeb swore and leaned forward to peer at the gauges. He swore again as he cut in the auxiliary fuel tanks. The engine picked up for a moment, then sputtered again and died. In the space of seconds the port engine cut out also.

Von Leeb cursed as he eased the ship into a long glide. In spite of himself he felt a faint admiration for the man sitting beside him. Bulow had checked the instruments with the speed of long practice; then, without change of expression, he had accepted the fact that the engines would not run again. Now he was watching, his eyes narrowed, the approaching earth.

"So you dumped the gas. Why?"

"Accident," von Leeb said shortly. It was hard to say the thing that he had to say next. "I guess I'm a little rusty. I was reaching for the heater control."

Captain Bulow snarled. "You damned swivel-chair pilot!"

Von Leeb relaxed a little—his co-pilot didn't suspect. "Tell the base we'll have to make a crash landing."

"Where'll I tell them we are?"

"That's the Niemen," von Leeb said, smiling tightly. "Say we're at Emperor's Crossing. It's on the maps."

"I never heard of it."

"You don't know your history, Captain. Napoleon crossed here on his retreat from Russia. Charles of Sweden tried it, too."

"Well, what about it?"

"Nothing. Get the base. I can't hold the ship up much longer."

One part of von Leeb's mind had been waiting for the sound of the opening of the cabin door. It came now.

"Why are you landing, von Leeb?" the Fuhrer said.

Von Leeb's voice had just the right quality of anger.

"Engine trouble, sir. Those fools back at the base couldn't keep a sewing machine running. But I've been here before and there's a tavern down there where we can wait."

The Fuhrer's voice rose shrilly. "Idiots! Unspeakable idiots! Can no one do anything right? When I get to Berlin. . . ."

Von Leeb caught sight of the hill which was his landmark and banked a little with the last of his speed to bring the plane's nose into line. The black-hooded trees were just below.

Cold wind, blowing into the smashed compartment, brought con-

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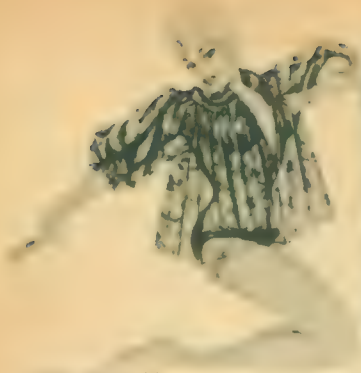

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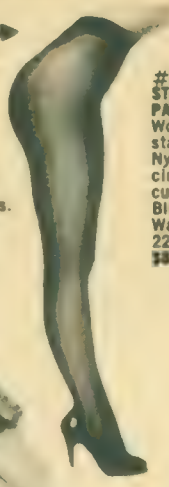

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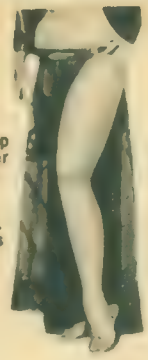

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sciousness slowly back into von Leeb. For a moment he lay, piecing the pictures back together. Then he twisted free of his belt and sat up. Captain Bulow was half buried in the snow, blood oozing from the side of his head. "Dead!" von Leeb thought bitterly.

But Bulow stirred and opened his eyes. He tired to sit up, couldn't quite make it, but his flat gaze found von Leeb and he spoke thickly.

"Just what the hell's your game, Colonel?"

For a moment von Leeb was tempted to tell him. Then the door of the rear cabin was pushed open and Corporal Breden's red face peered down. There was a warning look in his eyes and then the Fuhrer's voice cried:

"Von Leeb, you fool! Get me out of here! The plane may burn at any moment! Can I trust nobody?"

Von Leeb's eyes met Bulow's. "Take it easy," he said in a low voice. "I'll send back for you."

Bulow's mouth twisted and his eyes were bitter. "I'm a gone goose and you know it. I don't know what your game is, but if it means the end of of that rug-chewing swine, I'm for it. Good luck!"

Von Leeb gripped Bulow's hand an instant, than went back to the door. As he dropped down to the ground Breden was standing stiffly at attention.

Von Leeb said, "As I remember it, the tavern is less than a mile."

He saw quick suspicion run across the Fuhrer's eyes but he didn't care now. The latter said, "You know this place well?"

Von Leeb nodded. "As an Intelligence officer I spent much time in Poland before the war. I stayed here frequently."

"Hah! A woman, eh?" The Fuhrer's voice had a note of relief in it. "Perhaps your love-making will come in handy now, von Leeb."

"I was not in Poland for the love making," von Leeb said shortly. "Napoleon stopped here before he crossed the Niemen—going back." And then he added:

"We go this way."

NIGHT came down on them swiftly and a cold moon tipped the forest's crest. They went slowly, von Leeb bringing up the rear. Had they embarked on a fool's errand? von Leeb wondered. His mind went back across the months of preparation and, now, with the cold wind biting into him, they seemed silly. He thought of all the trouble they'd gone through for an hour's play-acting in a ruined tavern by the Niemen. It was fantastic!

For a moment he fingered the gun at his hip. Just one shot, placed at the base of the Fuhrer's capped head would be quicker. Temptation pulled at him for a moment. Then he snapped shut the flap of his holster as a gust of cold wind lashed his face, cleared his brain. . . He could kill the man here in the snows of Poland but his machine would still run on. Only the man who had built the machine could tear it down and he must be allowed to live to do so. Tear it down with the same mad frenzy that had gone into its building.

Suddenly the dark bulk of the tavern loomed ahead. It was a rambling structure. A light burned in one window. Von Leeb stepped up to hammer at the door. Presently the door swung back to let out a flood of warmth which was rich with the smell of wood smoke and people and decaying wooden walls. The man who held the candle was, like the house, of indefinite age.

"Who is it? What do you want?" he wheezed.

"Colonel von Leeb, Jan. You remember me?"

The old man stared unblinkingly. When he answered, his voice was surprising deep and full. "What do you want?" he said.

"Shelter for the night."

The old man grumbled. "A grenadier told me you were coming. I am a poor peasant. What have I to do with emperors, or the troubles of emperors?"

"Fire. A little food. And tomorrow we will go," von Leeb said.

The old man laughed suddenly. "Go? Of course you will go! I have seen them all go. But I have never seen them come back! Never!"

The Fuhrer crowded up beside von Leeb and his voice lifted shrilly: "Stand aside, you swine! I am the conqueror of the Poles! Stand aside!"

"So you have come again," the old man said indifferently, moving the candle a little so that the light flickered on the putty-colored face of the Fuhrer. "You are fatter than when I saw you last!"

The Fuhrer's voice rose to a scream. "I am Hitler! *Hitler!*"

"Sometimes I forget," the old man mumbled. "Napoleon, Charles and now one who calls himself Hitler. Well, it's always the same. They come with the bugles blowing in front of them and they go back across the Niemen alone and nothing more is ever heard of them. Mother Russia sees to that."

"Don't mind him, sir," von Leeb said. "He's old and a little crazy but harmless enough."

The Fuhrer's eyes were mad with fury as he screamed. "When I get back to Berlin I will—"

Von Leeb turned his back on him and went across to Corporal Breden who stood by the door. "Get young Thad and bring Bulow in," he said in a low voice. "There's time."

AFTER Breden had gone von Leeb lighted a cigarette and smoked in silence. A girl with bare legs and a kerchief over her hair came and started to set the table. She didn't look at the two men before the fire. Von Leeb looked at his watch. It would be a good forty minutes before Corporal Breden could get back.

There was a slackness about Hitler's mouth. Von Leeb thought, exultantly, "I've got him!"

"Von Leeb, what did that old fool mean by saying that a grenadier had said I was coming?"

Von Leeb smiled tightly. "His father was a boy here when Napoleon crossed the Nieman, sir. Sometimes the old man imagines that he saw the Emperor cross without this army. And he was thinking of Napoleon's grenadier."

"What happened, von Leeb?"

Faint surpise stirred the officer. "What happened, sir?"

"When the Emperor stayed here?"

"Nothing," von Leeb said. "The next morning he crossed the Niemen. His army crossed later, the few thousand that were left—most of them died back at the Beresina." *And yours died at the Don,* von Leeb thought with sudden black rage. "He abandoned his army at Smorgoni, you remember."

The Fuhrer's face was bloodless "What was that that Kettler was saying to you when we took off?"

"He asked me to tell his wife that he was all right, sir."

Sparks of insanity were at the back of the dark eyes now and the mouth drew down into the sulky expression which presaged one of his outbursts.

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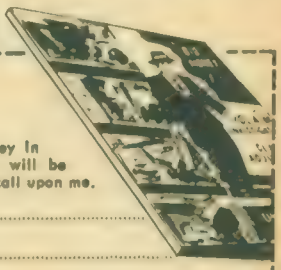

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"Don't lie to me, von Leeb! Kettler was saying that I had deserted *my* army! That's what he was saying!"

Von Leeb said nothing. The Fuhrer paced in front of the fire talking, his voice shouting hysterically.

"Lies! English lies! What do I care what Bonaparte did? What mistakes he made? He was a fool! I have written in my book that he was a fool! In the spring I will cross the Channel and stuff their lying English tongues down their lying English throats! Then I will strike across the Atlantic Ocean and all the world will be mine. It is my destiny, von Leeb! Nothing can stop me!"

A loud hammering at the door stopped him. Von Leeb glanced covertly at his watch, saw that it was too early for Breden to be back. He swore as he saw old Jan come out of the shadows beside the door.

"Jan!" he said sharply.

The old man paid no attention and swung the door open before von Leeb could interfere. He dropped a hand to his gun as he saw the three strangers.

"So you've come again," the old man said. Then his voice lifted in thin and senseless laughter. "He-he! I was expecting you. One of your grenadiers brought the word."

VON Leeb drew back into the shadows to watch, his hand still on his gun. Had something gone wrong? He scrutinized the three men narrowly and wondered if Breden had amplified their plan. Two of the strangers were tall; the third under average height. His rust-grimed green jacket and badly worn half boots were very real in the candlelight. Von Leeb wondered. . .

"Bring us food, fellow!" Breden shouted in French. "Does an emperor have to stand about with his mouth agape while he waits for service from a people he has conquered?"

"I am a poor man, as your Excellency can see," the old man mumbled. "And your soldiers have taken everything."

"Hurry him up, Calincourt!" Breden shrugged his shoulders and turned toward the fire. He saw the Fuhrer and his eyes narrowed. "Well, in God's name, who is *this*?" he cried.

Von Leeb, from his place in the shadows, thought, "The man is perfect! He might be Bonaparte, himself!"

"Who's here?" Breden said again, his voice lifting. And suddenly von Leeb felt the realism of the scene. It was no longer Corporal Breden standing there in the firelight, but the real Bonaparte in his torn green jacket and with his grenadiers beside him. Breden was a magnificent actor!

"Calincourt," the small man said, scowling. "Who is this that bars my way to the fire?"

"Some peasant, Sire," one of the taller ones said. "Stand aside, you, else I take the flat of my sword to you!"

In a dreamy and faraway fashion von Leeb heard the Fuhrer's voice rise in its customary scream: "I am Hitler! Do you French not understand that I have conquered you?"

The short man spread his feet, tipped back his chin and laughed. Von Leeb, in the shadows, felt the chill run up his back at the sound.

"You have conquered the French?" the short man asked. "Calincourt, is

the man mad? Who conquers the French?"

"But I have!" the Fuhrer screamed again. "Have you forgotten the armistice signed in the railway carriage in the Forest of Compiegne?"

Von Leeb could see the madness grow in the Fuhrer's face. He watched him wheel suddenly, shouting hysterically, "von Leeb! Where are you, von Leeb? Tell these fools who I am! Tell them. . . ."

The Fuhrer's voice trailed off into emptiness. As though from a great distance, von Leeb heard his own voice say: "You must be overtired, sir. There is no one here but you and I."

HE watched the look of uncertainty which passed across the Fuhrer's face. The three strangers no longer paid him any attention. They moved forward to cluster about the fire and spread their hands to the blaze while they talked in clipped French.

"Calincourt," the short man said, "a man cannot fight against the elements. It was the Russian winter that beat us. Once back in Paris I will raise an army of half a million men. Next spring I will beat Russia to her knees. After that I will cross the Channel and. . . ."

His voice trailed on and the Fuhrer, his face like chalk, listened and watched the men at the fire.

"Sire," Calincourt said, "we must be careful. There was ugly talk among some of our generals when it was known that you were leaving for Paris. They might cause trouble!"

The short man drew himself up. "They might cause *me* trouble, Calincourt! Am I not the Emperor? Think you that I shall make the same mistakes that Caesar made? I will not! I have written it in my book!"

Von Leeb in spite of himself, shivered a little. Then he stiffened at the new hammering at the door. This time he did not move as old Jan opened it. It was unreal, as though he stood at a great distance and watched a picture thrown on a screen. A man came through the door, clad in rags and with a bloody bandage across his face. He was a big man, dirty with the smoke of endless campfires and marked with the lash of the Russian winter. His eyes lighted on the group by the fire and he suddenly drew himself up, thrust a hand into the air. "Hail!" he shouted in a powerful voice that made the hair lift along von Leeb's back. "So I have found you, Emperor!"

Those by the fire turned swiftly, and in their faces von Leeb saw the same thing that had been in the Fuhrer's face before.

"Who is this, Calincourt?" the short man said.

The bloody man stomped into the center of the room, swayed there, smiled—a smile without mirth and without meaning. He said, "This is your army, Emperor. The army you led into Russia and back across the Beresina. The army that has left its frozen members every foot of the way back across Russia. The army that you deserted to return to your warm nest in Paris!"

"What is your regiment, soldier?" the short man demanded. "Why are you not with it?"

"My regiment Sire, is at the bottom of the Beresina. Did you not know? I, myself, was killed by a Cossack at the second bridge. So I go to keep you company to Paris."

"No!" the short man said, and in his voice there was the note of hysteria which had earlier been in the Fuhrer's voice. "No! Go back to your grave, Grenadier! I will pin the Legion of Honor on your wife. Only—*go back to your grave*!"

The man reached up and pulled off his ragged cap and von Leeb could see the gaping hole in his head. The man laughed again.

"You would raise a new army, Sire? But there is no need. Your old army will be with you, four hundred thousand of them. They will march with you until the Furies overtake you in a Flemish village named Waterloo, Sire. But the road to the village began with the march into Russia, and I and the rest like me will march with you back to Paris, and on to Waterloo. Wherever you go and whatever you do, we will be there with you—we, your dead that charged into Russia!"

OUTSIDE the moonlight was white on the snow. Von Leeb stood alone before the fire now. The Fuhrer lay on his face, motionless, at the edge of the shadows. There came a knock on the door and von Leeb went across to open it. Corporal Breden stood there in the moonlight.

"It worked!" von Leeb whispered exultantly. "Beyond our fondest expectations! Come in, Breden."

Corporal Breden looked puzzled, and he halted on the stoop. "I don't understand," he said thickly. "But I couldn't come sooner—I couldn't leave Captain Bulow, sir. He was dying when I got there. I had to stay with him."

The sense of unreality came over Colonel von Leeb again, and his own voice seemed very far away as he asked, "You weren't here a while ago?"

Corporal Breden looked uncertain, said firmly, "No sir, I was not!"

"And Bulow is dead?"

"He's dead." Corporal Breden's face hardened. "He sent a message to the Fuhrer, sir. He said to tell the Fuhrer that they would be with him, sir, the dead who marched into Russia!" ■

SEX AND YOUR HEART

Continued from page 21

girl he'd been planning to marry because he didn't want her to be stuck with, in his words, "half a man." Barney is now practically a recluse, frustrated, unhappy, terribly lonely.

Tragedies? Yes. Needless ones? Yes again. They could have been avoided, had the men involved known a few hard facts about what happens to a person's heart when he engages in sexual intercourse.

Take one of the most common misconceptions. Most men, regardless of how normal and healthy they are, tend to think of the heart as a weak and delicate organ, one that has to be pampered and sissied along. Some, like Martin, have a great fear of overstraining it. Others don't go to that extreme, but are occasionally apprehensive about their hearts.

Here is what Dr. H. M. Marvin, one of the founders of the American Heart Association, has to say about that: "Your heart is the toughest and strongest organ in your body and much more efficient and less vulnerable to wear and tear than any mechanical pump ever built."

What makes the heart so strong in the face of all the wear and tear on it? The answer lies in the heart beat—specifically, in the brief spaces between beats. These spaces—instantaneous pauses, really—are long enough to enable the heart to rest and recuperate its power, the same way a

prize fighter rests between rounds.

Obviously, anything that causes the heart to speed up also causes it to cut down on its rest. Running will do the trick. So will a game of scrimmage. So will climbing up five flights of stairs.

And so will sexual intercourse.

For centuries, physicians and physiologists have been curious as to exactly what happens within the body during the sex act. Until recently, however, their curiosity has had to remain unsatisfied. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, scientific measuring devices weren't sophisticated enough to measure precisely the bodily changes that occur during love making. Equally important, sexual taboos were too strong to permit the kind of experimentation the investigators had in mind.

The breakthrough came in 1959. That was the year Dr. Roscoe G. Bartlett of the National Institute of Health conducted some highly informative tests.

While Dr. Bartlett's experiments are only the opening shot in a study that will get a lot more scientific attention in years to come, one fact already becomes clear: *Love making is probably the most strenuous activity in which the average male will engage during his lifetime.*

And another fact immediately becomes apparent: *Most men are well able to take this strenuous activity with no injurious effects whatsoever.* Death as a result of intercourse is exceedingly rare. Bear in mind that it is nearly impossible to make love to the point where a normal heart will give out. Long before there is a likelihood of anything like that happening, the body's built-in "safety mechanism" goes to work. The desire for making love disappears until the bodily organs have had sufficient chance to rest and gather new strength.

A noted sexologist, Dr. L. T. Woodward, sums it up neatly, "Any man with a normally healthy physique has nothing to fear from sex."

TAKE a closer look at Dr. Woodward's remark. He talks of a man who has a *normally healthy physique*. That means a man with a sound and sturdy heart, a man who is active and vigorous, a man not yet beset by the problems of aging. Such a man can go ahead and enjoy the sex act without a worry in his mind. When sex becomes dangerous to the heart, one of the following conditions exists: (1) The individual has a history of heart disease, or (2) the individual is an older man who has not engaged in intercouse for some time.

Few middle-aged men are aware of the perils that exist in suddenly plunging into an active sex life after a period of voluntary or enforced abstinence. States one concerned physician, "Almost every newspaper and magazine publishes periodic warnings to men who lead sedentary lives, who work in offices, or are retired, or otherwise fit into circumstances that don't permit them to be physically active. As wintertime approaches, the warnings say, 'Don't shovel a lot of snow all at once. Work up to it gradually, over a period of weeks.' As wintertime ends, similar commonsense warnings are heard: 'Don't overdo it on the golf course if you haven't been exercising right along.' Yet nobody offers a word of caution to the men who begin an affair or a

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marriage after having gone without romance for a while."

He cites the case of Earl J. a fifty-five year-old widower, the owner of a small-town newspaper. His wife had died five years previously. Since that time, Earl had devoted himself to his paper. He rarely dated, and when he did take a woman out, it was on a platonic, superficial basis.

Then a thirty-year-old divorcée moved into town and settled near her married sister, a long-time resident. Earl interviewed the newcomer for his paper. She was pretty, curvy, and charming. Earl looked at her with more than passing interest. He began dating her and within six months they were married. Nobody gave Earl any warnings. His new wife triggered off emotions that had lain dormant for five years.

In the eighth month of his second marriage, his heart gave out and he died. It was as sudden as that.

What happened to Earl is what happens to countless other men each year.

Consider the fact that many more coronary attacks occur at night than in the daytime. Consider the fact that a great many middle-aged men who have been widowed or divorced for a time *die within the first year of their second marriage*. Finally, consider again the fact that love making is a highly vigorous exercise.

The conclusion becomes inescapable that sexual intercourse, when engaged in by previously inactive males, can lead to a high proportion of heart attacks.

Obviously, such deaths can be avoided, without the individuals involved denying sex to themselves or their wives. What's good advice for the out-of-condition male about to shovel snow is good advice for the man who hasn't been sexually active for a while: At first take it easy. Get into condition gradually. With moderation as the keynote, the middle-aged man in reasonably good health can engage in satisfying bouts of sex without worrying about the danger of a heart attack or heart disease.

THE man who already has an existing heart condition faces quite a different problem. Unquestionably, he has to curtail his activity in all areas. The big question he asks himself is, "Do I have to give up my sex life altogether?" The answer cannot come in a simple yes-or-no package. It all depends on the way each particular man lives his sex life. Two case histories from the files of a New York City heart specialist will illustrate the point.

First, the case of Calvin S., fifty, divorced, who suffered from hypertension, or high blood pressure. The American Heart Association estimates that about 5,000,000 Americans suffer from this disease.

Now it must be remembered that everybody has blood pressure—which is merely the pressure put on the walls of the arteries as blood is pumped through them. This pressure is not constant. When a person gets excited, his blood pressure goes up. When he rests or relaxes, it goes down. These changes are normal. Blood pressure ceases to be normal when it remains high, forcing the heart to pump consistently harder than usual. Gradually, then, the overworked heart enlarges. If the condition is allowed to go unchecked, the heart eventually fails.

Calvin was put on drugs and on a low-salt diet. His doctor warned him against becoming over-excited or over-tired. For about a year Calvin heeded these warnings. He was frankly scared of dying. A year passed. His blood presure dropped somewhat, though it was still far higher than normal.

One evening friends took him to what they called a "wild" party. It certainly *was* wild. Given by a bunch of self-styled Bohemians, it quickly became evident that this was going to be a night of it. For a moment Calvin remembered his hypertension and considered leaving. But then he shrugged away his apprehensions. After all, he reasoned, the condition was improving and he owed himself at least one fun-type evening.

It was an evening he would, unfortunately, never forget. He drank too much. He made love to a dark-haired poetess. Later that night he made love to the girl's sister. At four in the morning, feeling dizzy and faint, he staggered out in search of a taxi that would take him home.

HE never made it. Suddenly he collapsed on the sidewalk, and the vehicle that finally took him away was an ambulance. Calvin's evening of fun-and-games had resulted in a stroke, one that left him permanently paralyzed on his right side.

Much more pleasant is the case of William, fifty-five, who had atherosclerosis. This a very serious form of hardening of the arteries. What actually happens is that the arteries that carry blood to the heart gradually thicken and calcify with the passage of time. The process began in him—as it does in many people at a relatively early age. For a long time it caused him no trouble at all. Eventually, however, fatty deposits formed within the arteries, allowing only a

trickle of blood to pass to the heart.

Inevitably, a blood clot formed within that artery—a clot that blocked off the channel entirely. Thus, a section of the heart lost its supply of blood and an attack of coronary thrombosis—and then a heart attack.

William was lucky. Placed under complete rest for a time, given drugs and pain-relieving medicines, he made a good recovery. He was able to pick up the threads of his life. That meant he could go back to work, enjoy recreational activities—and resume sexual intercourse in moderation.

He also had to cut down on liquor and smoking.

WHAT about the man who doesn't know there is something wrong with him? Actually, heart disease rarely comes on suddenly. The man who is going to have some real trouble usually experiences warning symptoms ahead of time. The main ones are: abnormal shortness of breath, pain in the center of the chest, and undue fatigue.

Anybody experiencing one or more of these symptoms should consult his physician. The same advice holds true for any man who is concerned for whatever reason about the effect of sex on his heart, even though he may not have any specific warning symptoms. As Dr. Reichert points out, "Be frank with your doctor. There are *no* foolish questions; and if you are not sure of something, do not be ashamed to ask."

Nor should you be *afraid* to ask. Medical science has come a long way from the days when a heart patient was automatically relegated to the existence of an invalid. Today practically no man—regardless of age or condition, has to turn his back on love entirely. Exercising due caution, following his doctor's advice, he can live a life at once physically active, mentally rewarding, and sexually satisfying. ■

THE PIEDMONT HARLOTS *Continued from page 45*

lodged them under the floorboards of their huts. Unbroken in spirit, the females—all Italians between the ages of sixteen and forty-five—had quietly collected wood bats, heavy clubs, knives, scissors, some guns and even several grenades.

The night before, leaders from the various barracks had sneaked out and wriggled through the shadows for a final briefing in Annetta's quarters. It was she, the one the Colonel thought he might take to bed with him that night, who had plotted the break. The husky twenty-one-year-old ringleader now had eveything worked out for the surprise attack, even down to forty women who had donned padded clothing made from blankets and thick gloves to knock over the barbed wire.

"Tonight we kill—or we get killed," Annetta said. Those were among her last words. She was to die later in the charge at the east machine gun.

At eleven o'clock the plan went into action.

FIRST, fires began to sprout from the barracks, one at a time. As the flames burned with fiercely growing intensity, the women burst from their barracks into all directions. All around the perimeter of the camp searchlight beams sprang out, pivoting around the compound, flickering over the crackling huts.

As the lights came to rest, the Nazis saw female savages on the run. Waving weapons over their heads, they charged toward their objectives —the four machine guns guarding each corner of the camp. For an instant the gunners were too astonished to move, but a loudspeaker brought them to their senses.

"Fire, you fools! Stop them from reaching the wire!" the voice roared into the night air.

The machine guns began to chatter. The one on the western side stopped all of a sudden. But the others kept up. Tracer bullets pierced the night as the charging prisoners surged into the guns' mouths.

Heavy rifle fire from the guards cut into the screaming tide of females as they pushed to the barbed wire.

There was only one more barrier between the breakout women and freedom, a heavy-calibre machine gun on a swivel that faced the camp some fifty yards from the main entrance. The gunman, who had been waiting for orders to shoot, now on his own, tightened his fingers on the trigger. Bullets by the dozens spat into the

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figures over the wire. More than 500 women had by now broken through, and they surged toward the last gun.

The first rank melted away like a breaking wave, but those behind leaped over the bodies of their slain buddies. Though more fell, the gunner was overwhelmed by the sheer numbers who swiftly descended on him and hacked him to shreds.

Yelling now with triumph and panting with excitement, the prisoners brought the gun into play against the watchtowers. While scores of other women poured over the wire to freedom, the heavy gun provided cover and kept the garrison busy. The glare of the barracks blazing like huge bonfires made targets of the women.

The unlucky last ones to tear out of the compound were picked off, and they wobbled across other bodies before they dropped. But at last the survivors, many of them wounded, reached the dark line of the trees and disappeared into cover. Though the mass breakout had been acomplished, the cost of life had been enormous.

The night wore on and by dawn more than 250 women lay dead.

The gallant breakout of September 20, 1944, pointing up one of the bloodiest prison escapes in all Italy's history, was never reported in any of the world's daily newspapers. Nor, by some quirk of World War II, were any stories ever published about the group of nearly 2,500 guerrilla women from Turin who hid out in the Italian Alps between October 1943 and April 1945 and whose help to General Mark Clark was a tremendous boost to the United States Fifth Army.

During the last nineteen months of the war, these unheralded Alpine Amazons, most of whom had not even reached their thirties, killed more than 5,000 Nazi troops.

In memory of these heroines who died with their boots on, Turin's Feminine Commission several years ago published a volume entitled, "Piedmont Women in the Battle of Liberation." Resembling a high school year book, the volume is replete with individual photographs, alongside of which the career of each girl is summarized. Mrs. Ada Marchesini Gobetti, one of the most courageous of the mountain brigade of female warriors, edited the volume.

TURIN'S band of female guerrillas, burning with the fire of liberation for their native Italy, sprang up more or less spontaneously. Officially known as the Anita Garibaldi Detachment of the 17th Garibaldi Resistance Brigade, the female troops were not-so-affectionately known among Italy's fascists by a nickname the Germans had pinned on them, *Le Putane Piemontesi* (the Piedmont Harlots).

Most of the members of the Anita Garibaldi Detachment were Jews whose fathers, husbands and sweethearts had been freighted off to Nazi concentration camps. They formed into a gang of outlaws under the leadership of Donna Elvira Daniele, a teacher of physical education. They took to the mountains outside of Turin and proceeded to destroy as many Germans as they could.

In September 1943, when Italy surrendered to the Allies, The Boot was in one gnarled mess. Five weeks later the Italian army became cobelligerents and declared war on Germany.

In the north the Nazis favored the formation of a puppet state headed by Il Duce Mussolini, about whom the Italian people were now loudly divided. Anti-fascists in the north, many of whom later were to turn to Communism in the postwar economic crisis that rocked the Mediterranean peninsula, organized a stupendous Resistance campaign in the German-infested regions.

The struggle against the Nazis and Fascists was a harsh and bloody one. Altogether about 62,500 partisans were killed and over 40,000 wounded and disabled. In April 1945 the Allies overran the Gothic Line and stormed into the Po Valley.

The Germans had every reason in the world to keep Turin under their thumb. Primarily it was, as it is today, the home of the most important motor industries in Italy. The German Army needed not only this industrial potential to grease its mechanical larder but also the large variety of agricultural products that flooded the Piedmont capital.

To keep Turin in tow, therefore, Hitler had placed more than 100,000 occupation troops in and around the Piedmont Region—and that was exactly where the Partisans made themselves felt.

Typical of the kind of trouble Italy's G. I. Jo made for the invaders was the time 200 of these killers-in-skirts, on November 29, 1944, (shortly after the bloody prison escape at Vinovo's Detention Camp #3) raided a detached freight car full of *robiola* and *fontina,* local cheeses the German mess halls always had on the tables.

There were thirty riflemen guarding the cheese, and leader Elvira Daniele figured she could erase the squad and swoop off with the delicacy.

THE thirty Nazis put up a good fight. The *robiola* and *fontina* were just as valuable to them as a warehouse full of ammunition.

"Colonel" Daniele dispersed her brigade, some of whom had been among the successful escapees at Vinovo two months earlier.

Elvira Daniele was wounded. Before long, however, she was back on the job. Her luck after that didn't hold out very long. Soon after she was shot through the heart by a German sniper one night, and it was a sad day indeed for the Anita Garibaldi Detachment when they buried her in an unmarked grave on some now-forgotten hillside. Elvira's second in command, amazing as this may sound, was only fifteen years old. Anna Maria Ghizzone was her name, and she ran the outfit in orderly fashion until she died in combat a week before the war ended.

"Women like Anna Maria and Elvira were true heroines in the real sense of the word, as were many other truly brave Partisan women we lost," editor Gobetti wrote in her foreward to the book. From the official roster in the volume, there is a listing selected at random of some of the soldier girls who died unheralded deaths. Among them was Cleonece Tomasetti, former ballet dancer, who died in the massacre at Fondotoce.

At Fondotoce, with some 7,000 people as spectators, the captured guerrillas were lined up to face a firing squad. The order given, the rifles boomed and every Partisan fell dead, except the lovely Cleonice. By the commandant's pre-arrangement she had not been touched.

"And what about me?" the fearless damsel said in defiance. "Cannot a woman die for her country, too?"

The officer in charge ordered his squad to reload. As the Nazis leveled their guns at her, Cleonice ripped open her shirt front to reveal her full chest to the execution detail.

"Long live liberty!" she shrilled in a cry that was heard all over the piazza moments before the German rifles roared simultaneously.

Like Cleonice, many of the girls

listed in Mrs. Gobetti's anthology died in unusual circumstances.

Take the case of the Maria Teresa Gorlier, who met her end in a sensational manner.

Maria, a twenty-three-year-old *studentessa,* was, during her five months of service one of the best spies the brigade had. But on June 24, 1944, she was arrested by the notorious Black Shirt commander, Captain Gino, at Cesana. Taken to Incis Barracks a week later to make her reveal information about the Partisan hideouts, she withstood the full gamut of abuse and torture. But she never talked.

Captain Gino, finally giving up on her, ordered her removed to the third-floor dormitory so that his men could queue up and take turns raping her. In the morning, delirious and nearly dead from the cruel experience, the naked girl managed to squeeze her way through the slit window and catapult to the ground. From her high perch she landed badly, and her leg broke under the impact. Out of the orderly room stepped Sergeant Federico Basaglia with a submachine gun snuggled under his armpit.

Game, Maria struggled to her feet, her fist clenching a large rock. She raised her arm awkwardly to throw the missile, but it went wild.

As the girl broke out into a torrent of curse words, Basaglia—never once losing his calm demeanor—unloosened the machine gun, casually pointed it at the helpless prisoner and fired a full load of thirty-two slugs into her.

In his official report, which was cited in the Fascist press, the Sergeant stated he had shot at Maria while she was trying to run away.

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THE report on Maria's death was a sample of the kind of irreparable damage the Partisans could inflict on the Fascists with a printing press. Indeed, sometimes the ink flowed more freely than blood—all depending on what the enemy could least absorb from the Partisan bag of tricks. Take, for instance, this editorial—it did Turin's "unwanted guests" more harm than a dozen snipers:

"Why do they bomb us? Because the *Nazifascisti* continue to hold our city; our territory is in a state of war against the Allies. Because the Fascisti have asked the help of the Germans, have given them permission to invade our country and now give them all their help. Italian mothers, the assassins of your children are the Fascist traitors, the slaves of Hitler who continue the war in our land for the sole benefit of the Nazis. Thus our cry for revenge and of hate is: Death to the Germans and to the Fascist traitors!"

After that fiery editorial, which was also printed on thousands of posters, the Fascists doubled the reward for any information leading to the exposure of the print shop that was putting out the underground propaganda. But no sooner did the Nazis devote their energies to putting a stop to the printing and circulation of *We Women* than the "Piedmont Harlots" were off on another foray. Every day the girls had something new planned.

One day it would be sabotage and they would tear up a half-mile of railroad tracks. Or the next day they would destroy a string of freight trains. Always something, that was the operating procedure twenty-four hours around the clock.

Finally, Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, commander in charge of the German forces in Italy, decided he had taken about as much guff as he could. Publishing an official annoucement in the *Corriere della Sera* on August 12, 1944, he promised the "law-abiding citizenry" that from that day forward (1) the German Army would go into high gear to snuff out the Partisan movement; (2) hostages would be taken and shot in every town any time any form of sabotage was committed; (3) reprisals would be effectuated in any area where so much as a single shot were fired; (4) all captured Partisans and known collaborators would be executed in public, and (5) all inhabitants would be held responsible for any railroad lines interrupted, any roads broken up or any bridges demolished.

THE proclamation didn't deter the resistance movement one bit.

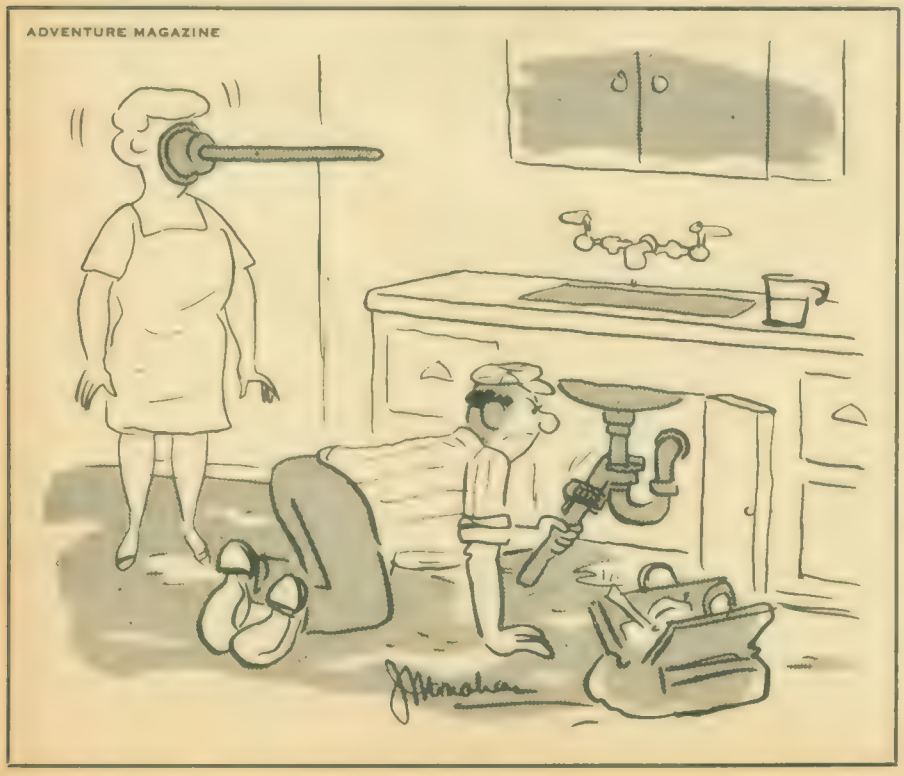
The partisans, male and female, always struck where the Germans least expected or where they least preferred trouble.

The girl guerrillas took the town of Ossola from the Nazis soon after Kesselring's threat in the *Corriere*. More because of German pride than anything (Ossola had little military value), the Nazis came back a few weeks later and threw 13,000 men against the invisible females and several companies of men that had been sent down from the mountains to help defend the town.

Backing their assault with artillery, mortars and tanks, they planned their attack purposely over a period of foggy weather so that American planes couldn't bomb them. On October 9, 1944, after twenty days of hard fighting, the partisans pulled their forces out and withdrew into Switzerland for a breather. Several hundred girls of the detachment were nabbed in that stand, and they were interred at Detention Camp #3 near Vinovo.

The Nazis didn't know at the time that they had captured Annetta Dufour, a leader who was known as "The Lioness" in her partisan circles. At one time in her career, Annetta managed to interrupt enemy rail lines for ninety-seven continuous days. Had the Germans known who she was, they certainly would have had a special reception committee waiting for her at Vinovo.

Although the Germans goofed from time to time, as in the case of Annetta Dufour, it is to the credit of the German commander in Turin, General Walter Schlemmer, that he fought the guerrillas as hard as they fought him. To Schlemmer's way of thinking, the struggle against the Partisans was a full-time proposition, an all-out-war job, one that he undertook with as much vigor as any Nazis commandant on any one of the other fronts.



The end came none too soon for Germans in Turin. On April 24, 1945, word reached partisan headquarters in the mountains that the Allies, who had finally broken through the Gothic Line further south, had crossed the Po River at Mantua. General Schlemmer knew that his number was up.

Through the local archbishop he proposed to spare Turin from destruction if the Partisans allowed his divisions forty-eight hours to withdraw. The offer was turned down.

The next day, April 27th, turned out to be a decisive one. The Anita Garibaldi Detachment was assigned to fight alongside the GIs, the Garibaldi and the Autonome Brigades and storm the Black Shirt barracks on Via Asti. The fighting was hot, but the guerrillas pushed the enemy to a line on Corso Oporto, Schlemmer's command headquarters.

Now the Nazi general sent word that if the guerrillas did not desist, he would make Turin into another Warsaw. Word, however, had reached the Partisans that supplementary guerrilla troops were being rushed into the sector and that the French Army was double-timing it to Turin as well. With that news on hand, the resistance chiefs told Schlemmer to go to hell. Convinced his adversaries were not bluffing, the German general did none of the things he threatened to do.

However, he planned an escape. His objective was to get most of his army onto the road to Chivasso, retreat towards Val d'Aosta and make his way into Switzerland. He figured he could get out of Turin by ripping a hole in the Partisan flank, precisely at the point where the Anita Garibaldi Brigade was bivouacked in Via Alfieri. He should have known better.

From his past experiences he should never have underestimated the power of the women manning the guns on that location because they delayed him longer than he had calculated.

On May 3rd Schlemmer had to surrender to American troops who flooded the valley and caught up with him, something that may not have happened so easily if the "Piedmont Harlots" hadn't held so well.

A few days later, on May 7, 1945, Germany surrendered and the fighting in North Italy ended. The tigresses of Turin had sighted the future of their country down the barrel of their rifles. And nobody could say their aims weren't good. ■

DEATH

Continued from page 28

learning about this new dreadful message from hell that was going to kill him, no matter what he did about it, ever.

He looked it up in the medical books. *Aneurysm*. A stinking little weakness in the wall of a blood vessel, like the part of an inner tube that may bulge out and you have to put a patch on it.

It could happen to anyone.

The only thing was: a patch on a tire will make it run, but you can't put a man together again.

Willy tried to grin. Ginny was yakking happily on about the way he had suckered the Farmer into a right opening, but the words just went by, and for the life of him he couldn't think. For a terrible moment he had the feeling that it was going to happen right here and now, this terrible thing that had to come some day.

Ginny said, "I must say, for a champion, you are a pretty sad sack, buster."

She wasn't sore, just a little worried, and Willy said quickly, "Don't think a thing about it, niblet. That creep took a few corpuscles off me with that right cross. He isn't a powderpuff, baby. The old man needs a steak to get it back again."

She was his lovely kid, happy as a clam at high tide because her man had done it again. He was her captain and her all American and he could do no wrong, as far as she was concerned. They had the world licked and the hell with anybody else.

She was waving and grinning at the newspaper guys, telling them to wait awhile. Willy closed his eyes, remembering.

The bowling alley syndicate had seemed like such a good deal. When he signed away the trust fund he had set up for Ginny and the kids, it was a good thing. It had to pay off in two years and then he'd have the trust money back again and the bowling alleys would be paying off forever. And even if the whole thing went kaput, he was still champion of the world, with a lifetime to earn more of that beautiful green stuff which would take care of all of them.

Now—

The bowling alley deal was a real turkey. It had eaten up the whole trust fund to bail him out. The building had been condemned and a new low income housing development was going to put the entire section completely out of the plush entertainment range. And nobody knew that little Skippy Allman, the promoter with the boyish grin and the way with the gals, was also a crook and was going to run very far away to South America with all of Willy's dough.

AND the lifetime he had left to square the wrong he had done to Ginny and the kids—it wasn't much of a lifetime any more. It was the sudden hair of an inch between a punch you saw coming and the one you didn't quite duck. It was Paddy Dolan, who hit like a hammer and didn't often miss. It was a quarter of a million gate. And it was quite probably Death.

Corny Allen came over, the ever-present stogie in his face.

"Wasn't he wonderful, Corny?" Ginny said.

Ginny was like that. Her Willy could do no wrong.

Corny grunted.

"He's the champ," he said. "Whaddya expect?"

It wasn't quite a rave, but Ginny didn't notice.

Corny said, "When you two love

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birds get through boozing, the newspaper guys have a midnight deadline to meet."

Willy said, "Yeah, send 'em over. I'll pick up the drink tab."

THEY came over, the good boys who had followed him up the fistic trail. They were his friends and he loved them. Patsy Murphy of the *Globe* said, "You were making like Tommy Loughlin that eighth round, Willy. What were you trying to do?"

"They call it the Bossa Nova," Willy said solemnly. "I was trying to have a dance with the Farmer, but he insisted on getting clobbered instead."

The Farmer came over, a huge piece of adhesive over one eyebrow.

"You're the best, damn you," the Farmer said. "I gave it all I had and you killed me."

Behind him, a rasping voice said, "He ain't the best. And he knows it. How long are you going to keep that title locked away in the closet, Taylor? My boy's been trying to catch you for a year."

Goldy Kramer was squat and ugly and his upper plate was badly fitted, so that he sprayed spittle when he talked loud, which was very often.

Corny said, "Tell your bum to get a reputation. Or get up the dough. The champ don't put it out for no peanuts."

A dapper man beside Goldy said quietly, "We got the dough, baby. Two hunnerd grand. A sixty-forty split with the movie rights to the winner. I'll have a certified check for the boys to take pictures of in half an hour."

The boys were very quiet, waiting. This was no idle bluff. The man with Goldy was Hooks Snyder. He was called a hotel owner by some, other and worse names by others. But he owned two gambling houses in Vegas, a hotel chain and a stable of race horses and whatever else his failings were, including at least one quashed murder rap, he was solvent as all hell.

Willy made himself laugh, fighting back the fear that was with him.

It wasn't fair to happen this way, on the crest of his win. For Farmer Troy was one thing, but Paddy Dolan was quite another. The gangling, snarling killer from Des Moines was the nearest thing to legalized murder since Stanley Ketchel. Even Willy's best friends had told him he was going to blow his title to the kid.

Willy said, "That's big talk, son."

"It's big money." Hooks Snyder said softly. "We'll even give you a return bout after Goldy's boy beats you. That is, if you can take it."

Willy opened his mouth and closed it again, because, right behind him a most ladylike voice said, "Willy. Give the bum his fight. I don't like Mr. Snyder and his drooly friend."

Corny said, "It's a little more than that, lady. We have to—"

Ginny said, "Willy. You sign that paper. I want you to beat that man. I don't like him."

Willy stared and Goldy was fairly frothing, he was that excited. He said a couple of four letter words, and Willy pushed him, not hard, so that he sat down on a table, which sagged and fell under his weight.

They helped him up, and Willy said, "You shouldn't have talked like that in front of my wife. Mister I'll fight your boy, since Ginny wants it. And afterward, you can put one of us on a slab, because it's going to be for real."

The newsboys ran, yelping, down the room, trying to get to the phone booths first, because this was big news indeed. Even their scotches were on the table, untouched.

Willy signed a paper and they made him do it all over again, while the flash bulbs boomed and he and Corney posed with the challenger's manager. And after they were through Corny pushed them away and sat down. His face was very drawn.

He said, "You don't know it, son, but you just handed your head to that bastard. That Dolan isn't human."

Ginny said hotly, "It's Willy's head, Corny Allan. You mind your business. I guess my husband can—"

Ginny was a good kid and couldn't stay mad long. She said, "All right, boys. Allow the wife of the world's champion to set up the grog. Name your poison. Tonight we're drinking to keeping that diamond belt."

"I'll drink to that," Willy said, a little thickly.

There was some more to that phrase, he remembered, even while the champagne was good in his throat.

It went something like . . . "For tomorrow we die . . ."

Anyway, this night was his.

IT WAS good, walking down the long smoky road to the ring. The Garden was full and they were all yelling. Willy was their boy and they wanted to show it.

Little Half Pint, the rubber, said, "You could borrow fifty clams from every guy here, Champ. They'd go in hock to find it for you, they like you that much."

"If I drop this one, I may have to," Willy said.

He was strangely, happier than he had been in weeks. He'd had a long conference with Abe Flanders, his lawyer, and his share of the purse would take care of Ginny and the kids whatever happened. If he could win and cut in on those lucrative movie rights—

He didn't want to think about that.

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He was enough of an Irishman to sense it when the boys were just a little too happy to be true. The papers had said a lot of good things about Willy. He had been a worthy champ. But he was twenty-nine and a step slower, and this hunk of gristle up there, mitting the crowd, was going to be the best ever, they were saying.

The day before, after the long training grind had ended, Corny had said suddenly, chewing at an unlit cigar, "You been a good boy, Willy. You got a long life ahead of you."

That's what you think, Willy said to himself. And, after a minute Corny growled, "What I mean is—this guy may beat you. You've never been better, but you never got in a ring with a bum like this. If you get hurt, let me know. No damned title is worth that much."

Willy laughed, but he could feel his eyes smart.

"I didn't know you cared," he said. "Don't get that ulcer in an uproar. We've met the good one's before an' walked away on our own feet."

THEY climbed through the ropes and Dolan was still waving to the ringworms, showing a lot of teeth. Still grinning, he put his arm around Willy's shoulder, all buddy buddy and friendly as hell.

Willy grinned back at him sweetly.

"Take your hands off me, you bastard," he said. "Or I might forget my manners and spoil those false choppers of yours."

Paddy made with the smile, but you could see the hate behind his narrowed eyes.

"You made me wait a year too long," he said. "I'm gonna hurt you bad for that, you—"

He couldn't even keep the smile on, saying that last outhouse epithet.

Lum Farley gave the ring instructions and said, "Any questions?"

Willy said, "Make him break fast, pal. His breath is revolting in the clinches."

They went back to their corners and Corny said, "I don't care if you run all night, champ. Keep away from that right and you got a big chance."

And then the bell came and Willy tapped Paddy lightly on the jaw and danced away, and there was no more fear or thought in him, and he was a fighter again.

The Mick was fast and tough. He wasn't smart, but he didn't have to be, not with that right. He hit Willy just once, breaking out of the first clinch, and Willy could feel the sheer brute power behind that clubbing impact, although the blow had landed too high to do any harm.

There was only one thing to do, he knew. Weave a pattern of speed and wear the big guy down. Hit him enough to get the points and try not to get killed in between.

It sounded easy. Like telling a guy to go into a bull ring and have fun, but don't get hurt.

They sparred around and Willy, still unused to his new dancing master role, couldn't make a fight of it. They went into a clinch again, and Paddy said, "You yellow son. I knew you were afraid of me, but not that much. I'm gonna kill you, you—"

The big man was breathing hard, partly with rage, and Willy hit him deftly in the windpipe and danced away again, while the crowd, not yet mad but a little restive, made noises from the Bronx and waited.

The bell rang and Willy went back to his corner. Corny said, "It's a hell of a way to win. But you keep it up you'll have the thing sewed up."

Lum Farley, the ref, came over. Out of the corner of his mouth he said, "Make a fight of it, Willy. Don't give me a hard time."

"Maybe you should fight the guy," Willy said grimly.

They slipped the mouthpiece in and it started all over again, the sorry, impossibly shameful business of running away from a better man, yet trying to make it look like a fight.

At the end of the fifth, just before the bell, it happened. Willy jabbed hard with a left, aiming for the scar tissue over the bigger man's eye, watching for a return left—

The lights went out and all conscious thought left him, and the world was gone.

HE heard, from a long distance away, Corny say, "He's out of it."

He opened his eyes.

He was, he discovered, sitting in his corner. There was piece of stitching over one eye, which felt like hell, and some ice on the back of his neck, which felt good. The ring was going around in a sickening circle and he shook his head, and everything came back into focus, but still a little fuzzy.

Corny said, "Don't talk. He clipped you a beaut just at the bell. You were out like a Frenchman's beard. You started to fall right over me and

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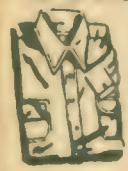

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all I had to do was catch you an sit you down. Not even Paddy knows you were hurt bad."

Willy waved vaguely in the general direction of the press box.

"I'm just great," he said. His voice sounded thick in his ears. The buzzer sounded. Ten seconds left to live, maybe?

He got up at the gong, and by a miracle the spring was back in his legs.

He didn't need Corny to tell him what to do this round. Run like hell and try to stay alive.

He went in fast, like the Willy of old, and the Mick took a backward step, looking a little mixed up. He had hit Willy with his Sunday punch and the guy was still all right. It wasn't in the book.

Willy gave him the old combination, a left to the belly and a quick right to the jaw. Neither punch would have seriously disturbed a young Shirley Temple, but the crowd didn't know that and they started yelping for blood.

It was enough. Shifting, feinting, calling on every artifice the years had taught him, Willy slithered and danced through the vital three minutes, and when he sat down his head was all in one piece again.

Corny said, "You are the greatest, kid." His voice was huskier than usual. "But I was wrong. You don't want to win this way, boy. It's great actin' but it ain't a fight. I want you to go out like the great champ you were. Or beat him with your mitts, not with your brains."

Willy said, more savagely than he meant, "I'm doing this, my way. You make with the sponge and leave the fighting to me."

The bell rang and it started all over again.

The Mick was ready for him this time. He let Willy weave in, then he took a backward step as a feint—

And out of nowhere, completely off balance, that murderous right hit Willy just under his right temple, high on the cheekbone.

He didn't lose consciousness this time. But his knees had two-way hinges and he couldn't stand up and half of his head seemed to be a ball of searing pain. He sat down heavily, with his mouth open, and saw Bill Holmes, of the *Times*, take a quick look at his eyes and start pounding his typewriter furiously.

He got to one knee. The count had gone to seven and for a terrible minute he didn't think he could make it. But he wobbled to his feet, saw Lum stare at him searchingly, and managed to grin to show he was all right, just as a little steel came back to his legs again and he could walk.

The Mick was ready for him, but Willy ducked inside the left and hung on, fighting the referee's try to break them. He needed desperately every tick of that clock God would give him.

Paddy knew all the tricks and he was mad now, seeing the quick K. O. slipping away from him. He brought his head up sharply, knocking the cut open on Willy's eyebrow and slipped in a murderous right, foul by plenty, which the protector took care of but which spun Willy out of the clinch by its sheer brute force.

Backpedalling, stalling, Willy listened and waited and clinched again, knowing that only the bell could save him. And when it came, he had made his choice. He'd fight his fight and the hell with it. Corny had been right. He'd never run away again. From Death or anything else.

IN the tenth Willy went down. Not the right this time. It was a lucky left hook, almost a rabbit punch. It landed in back of Willy's neck, just as he was trying to duck, and it clubbed him to his knees with such force that his forehead hit the canvas and his mounthpiece fell out and the dark curtain came down again.

While the ref was counting up to five, the only thing he could think about was that he couldn't pick up that mouthpiece with his gloved hands and that his new bridge work, which had cost nearly a grand, would be ruined the first time that gorilla found his jaw with a right.

After that, hearing Corny's frenzied scream, the ref's voice said "Nine!" and he got up, barely in time.

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Paddy was coming for him. The killer look was in his mean little eyes and he was snarling, slavering for his kill.

Willy made with the right, took a slightly staggering step back, saw the money punch go past his cheek and countered with a right with the last of his conscious thought.

It was a fine punch. It had all of his timing, all of his life behind it. It hit the Mick just above his mouth. It flattened his nose like a Mack truck had sat on it. Paddy snorted and the red spurted out like claret. He took a little clumsy step, as though trying to make a curtsy. And then, so powerful was the brute reserve of the man, he shook his head, spattering the ring with gore, and bore in.

He hit Willy very hard on the chin and Willy screamed a bad word and hit him back in the same place. Staggering, both of them crazed with sheer animal hatred, they were toe to toe, trading pile-driving gut busters, until—

They clinched. But it was the Mick who hung on. Almost dispassionately, Willy saw the other man's eye was cut bad. His face was purple over one cheek and there was something like strangled fear in his eyes.

Willy sobbed and swung a most ameteurish right from his heels, a real Golden Gloves sucker punch. He should have paid for it with his head, but for some reason the Mick cowered back and because he wasn't used to retreating, he did a real silly-looking stagger backward, and the fans loved it.

Paddy was no chicken. He came back, hearing the boos and crazed by them, so that he ignored the yells from his corner. He threw a right that caught Willy just under the breastbone and deposited him on the canvas.

The time for all reasoning was over. Willy could feel the fine anger go through him and it was stronger even than his fear, more powerful than the shadow of Death which was there over his shoulder. He got up, ignoring the ref's hand, shaking off the man, and hit Paddy on that bad nose. It was a sucker punch. He had no guard for his vulnerable head. He was ready to be obliviated by a counter blow.

It came and he took it high on the forehead, yelling obscenities that the fans in the front rows heard and treasured. Paddy knocked him back against the ropes and he bounced off them, laughing. He saw the strangled fear in the Mick's good eye and, aiming for it, missed completely but hit a fine piece of jawbone instead.

Paddy, the fearsome gnome, teetered and fell, like a majestic tree. The force of his fall sent the resin up from the canvas. Even so, such was his animal strength, that he got to one knee at the count of eight, and Willy knew deep inside that if the man came to his feet he had to win, because he didn't have another good one in him.

"Get up, sucker," he said. "I'm going to really kill you, fat boy."

The Mick tried. He got to one knee, while the thunder came down. He got up and Willy, pushing aside the ref's hands, raging, hit him again.

It was a bad punch. Awkward and ill-directed, targeted by a brain that couldn't quite work.

It was a bad blow. But it was enough. The great Paddy sank majestically, like a great pine rocked by the wind. He slavered unintelligibly something which was meant to be obscene, rolled his eyes back in his head and fell on his back.

He didn't get up.

GINNY said, "I wish you wouldn't clown around with those men, dear. For a minute I thought that miserable creature had hurt you."

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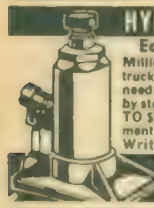

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Corny said, "He's the champ, lady." His ponderous wink left a lot of things unanswered.

They were at the Dutchman's later. A very subdued Paddy Dolan and his henchmen had asked for a return bout, and had been referred to Willy's lawyer for a later conference.

Then he noticed someone else who didn't quite fit into this picture.

Ginny said, "This man has been trying to reach you for three days, dear. But you left strict orders that no one could see you."

It was the doctor from the clinic. Willy shook his head, trying to shrug off the evil dream, but the man was still there.

The doctor said, "I wrote you three times, sir. I had to travel five hundred miles to come here." He looked very discouraged.

And, as Willy stared, he finally said, "I tore up the other letters, mister. The first one told me enough."

"You mean you didn't read them, you fool?"

And, as Willy stared—

"You are either an idiot or a very brave man, sir. I told you in my second letter. It was my interne's fault. I have since discharged him."

Willy could feel the pulse jump in him, the scarcely dared wish—

"Get on with it," he said hoarsely.

"That X-Ray," the doctor said. "It showed a pretty hopeless case. But—it wasn't yours, you see. That fool mixed the plates up. You have a pinched nerve at the base of the spine. If not corrected with aspirin, and if you should happen to get hit a jarring blow there, it might cause occasional dizzy spells."

Willy sat down heavily. He said, "Corny. Give the man a drink. A big one. And while you're about it, you might do the same for The Champ. He's got to fight Paddy Dolan again in three months. And this time he'll fight for keeps."

Ginny said, "Is anything wrong, dear? You look a little pale."

Willy gave her a hug and the feel of her was good again. It had been too long.

"Wrong?" Willy said. "What could be wrong? I got you. I got my title."

I got life.

But only Willy heard that. ■

"Congratulations, you're my 100th arrest."

nearly at long as that of the United States and a far smaller coast patrol. Its major archeological sites are scattered over a wide area, and more sites are still being found. For example, the ancient city of Yagul, located between Oaxaca and Mitla, was discovered just recently. The ruins of another impressive ancient city were found last year in Guatemala. In addition, Mexico is dotted by literally hundreds of pyramids, each of which is supposed to contain the treasures of the ancient Indian leader whose bones it harbors.

Nor are treasure hunters in Mexico limited to dry land. The waters off the Yucatan Peninsula, particularly near the Isle of Women and Cozumel are shallow, rough and long have been known as a graveyard of ships. And many a British, Dutch or French pirate ship, skulking along the coast while waiting to pounce on a laggard galleon of the Spaniards' bullion fleet, had torn its bottom out on a coral reef, or was caught in a violent storm and went to the bottom with all hands. And possibly a number of chests of loot, as well!

The waters in that area are so clear that, on a calm day, it is often possible to see the ribs of a sunken four-master or brigantine sticking up out of the white coral bottom, usually no more than two or three fathoms down.

And ever so often, a sleek boat from the States, usually a charter job from Tampa or Key West, will cruise off the tip of the peninsula, or down its east coast past Cozumel, until a sunken wreck is spotted. Then the crew will heave anchor and break out the aqualungs and other skin-diving equipment.

The consistent reports are that these casual, vacationing sunken-treasure seekers have been bringing up pay dirt: rusted cannons, blunderbusses, bell-barrelled pistols, broadswords and belaying pins. And, according to binocular-armed spies ashore, or natives aboard passing fishing boats, they've also been reported as having found smaller objects which were passed from hand to hand—probably gold pieces-of-eight, or a ring from a dead seaman's hand.

Recently, the rumors of rich finds thus being made by vacationing gringoes became so annoyingly persistent that the bureau in charge of archeological sites outfitted a shore-based expedition to investigate one of the old wrecks off Cozumel. And its well-publicized salvage operations brought up a fairly good haul of old weapons, gold and jewels, including a sizeable emerald. They managed to identify the hulk as an eighteenth century English schooner which had broken up on a coral reef.

ANOTHER rich field for treasure seekers in Mexico has been the old homes of the wealthy. This is the result of the bitter and bloody civil wars when guerrilla leaders ravaged the country, killing, looting and burning.

Wealthy Mexicans, especially those living on lonely *haciendas,* soon learned that whenever such disorders broke out there was only one thing to do. And this soon became Standard Operating Procedure: A man would hide his gold and family jewels by plastering them into a hole in a thick masonry wall. Then he would strap on his six-shooters, load his family into a carriage behind his swiftest horses and whip the hell out of the nags—after pointing them toward the nearest big city.

If he made it, he'd stay there until things quieted down. Then he would return home, chisel the family gold and sparklers out of the wall, plaster up the hole, and resume the good life.

However, a high percentage of those wealthy Mexicans never made it to the city. And of those who did, some died natural deaths before they could return to recover their stashed-away treasures. The consequence is that today many of the older Mexican homes can be regarded as excellent prospects for a treasure hunt.

It is, of course, wise to first weigh the fact that landlords are notoriously

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crabby with tenants who chop holes in their walls.

To give you an idea of how much treasure probably is hidden in the thick masonry walls of Mexico's old houses, the following incidents all occurred within the last several years in a single town:

The town is San Miguel Allende, a 400-year-old, picturesque place on a mountainside in central Mexico which has become an artists' and writers' colony. It is dotted with big, old houses many with masonry walls several feet thick. Many of them have underground tunnels which connect with the centrally-located, fortress-like churches, built in the days when the Spanish home owners still feared Indian uprisings.

The present owner of one of the town's most imposing houses, was stopped on the street one day by a traveling salesman from Mexico City whom he knew slightly. The man confessed, with obvious embarrassment, that he lacked the price of a hotel room for the night. The local man suggested the salesman stay over night in one of the old villa's many unoccupied rooms. With profuse thanks, the salesman accepted. It was learned subsequently that the salesman borrowed a hammer and, nail from a shopkeeper. He explained that his room had no closet and he needed a peg to hang up his hat and coat.

Early next morning, the host stopped in to see the salesman, but the man had departed. The owner decided to look around and, to his amazement, found in one of the walls a brand-new hole about four feet square.

He was understandably annoyed. What had his overnight guest been doing? He was even more annoyed when he learned, very much later, that the salesman had quit his job that very next day, saying he'd just inherited a large fortune.

The salesman was seen in Monte Carlo, where he was reported as living the Life of Riley.

As almost anywhere in Mexico, in San Miguel you hear tales of a poor family suddenly and inexplicably becoming rich. Invariably, the gossip revolves around the discovery of some buried treasure. But nobody expects the lucky person to admit the source of his good fortune, since the Government can confiscate it.

However, it was impossible to suppress what happened when one of the town's drunkards staggered home late one night in his habitual semi-comatose condition. Upbraided and berated by his furious wife, as he entered the door she started beating him about the head with her broom. Then the intoxicated man angrily hurled his *machete* at her. Fortunately, the heavy chopping blade swished harmlessly past her head and buried itself in the opposite wall — and she, screaming in fright, ran out the door. Some time later, when she returned with a policeman, she found her husband sprawled on the floor, singing and babbling to himself like a happy baby as he played with a heap of gold coins that had poured from a cache in the wall.

A World War I U-Boat commander who married a Mexican girl and retired to San Miguel had a macabre experience: Inspired by all the stories of buried treasure, he purchased a magnetic metal detector and quickly tried it out in the old house he'd just purchased.

The needle jiggled excitedly when the device was placed over a spot on the thick rear wall. His hammer and chisel exposed a steel buckle. Additional chiseling disclosed this to be attached to a trousers belt which encircled the body of a fully-dressed man sealed upright in the plaster wall. On either side stood the body of another man. Police decided he'd uncovered the apparent robbery and murder of three Monterrey businessmen who had mysteriously disappered five years before.

Hunting buried treasure has become the favorite activity of members of what could be called "the most relaxed sector" of the Bohemian American colony in San Miguel Allende—to distinguish them from the non-painting painters and non-writing writers.

But not all the gringoes in San Miguel are hunting hoards in homes. Two considerably more ambitious projects currently are being discussed in the Cantina Cucaracha:

One is a proposal to organize an expedition to an abandoned gold mine, the San Francisco, in the mountains of the State of Guerrero. Originally opened by the Spaniards and unworked for years, the mine is supposed to be loaded with so-called "free gold" which you can "high-grade"—dig out of the quartz vein.

The kicker, and reason, allegedly, is that Mexican miners are afraid to work in it: You're certain to encounter, if you enter the mine, the ghost who guards the gold—a man who, soon after you start work, will silently approach you from out of the black far reaches of the complex of mine tunnels, holding a lighted candle in one hand—and his head in the other.

And a visit from him, the old Mexican miners in the nearby village will warn you in scared tones, always presages a "fall of rock" from a tunnel roof, probably right where you are standing.

The second, and far bigger project, involves the famous, lost Emperor Maximilian Treasure, about ten million in gold, silver and jewels.

Here's the story, as told to me:

As you may recall, Emperor Maximilian was captured and subsequently executed by the Mexican leader, Benito Juarez, during our own Civil War. This happened after Napoleon pulled the plug on his red-whiskered Hapsburg stooge by recalling his French troops from Mexico. Allegedly captured with Maximilian were the Empress Carlotta's jewels, and all the gold and silver in the Mexican Government's national treasury, which Maximilian thoughtfully had hauled along with him.

ACCORDING to the story, while Juarez was working out the details for the Emperor's date with the firing squad, one of the Mexican generals "went north" with the wagonloads of captured treasure. Presumably his intention was merely to stash it safely away for the Mexican Government until after the war.

The general, with his troops, allegedly took the fabulous treasure to his own *hacienda,* which was a big spread. And there, late one night he took off into the hills with it, using Maximilian's disarmed French bodyguards (who were his prisoners) as human pack-horses. He returned alone and without the treasure.

The very next day, according to the story, a lone French prisoner who'd been overlooked because he was sick, suspecting his vanished comrades' fate, managed to seize a Mexican lieutenant's pistol, and drilled the general between the eyes before he himself was shot down. And then a courier arrived ordering the dead general's troops to rejoin Juarez.

Emperor Maximilian's treasure never was recovered by the Mexican Government.

About a year ago, some gringo treasure-hunters told me, they'd been sought out and propositioned by an American soldier-of-fortune, who said he knew where Maximilian's treasure was buried. He offered to cut them in on it. Naturally, they were interested.

This gringo said he'd once done a hush-hush job for the old general's two grandsons, and thus had learned about the treasure. The garndsons were also Mexican generals, but after becoming involved in an unsuccessful revolution, had been forced to flee the country. They'd finally returned to Mexico after many years in exile and had fitted together the known facts about the treasure's disappearance into a plausible story of what probably had happened to it. They'd even had a hunch where their grandfather had buried it after (they surmised) forcing Maximilian's bodygaurds to dig the hole in which it, and they themselves, undoubtedly were entombed.

ABOUT two years ago, according to this soldier-of-fortune, the two grandsons and he had made a trip to the old *hacienda,* now owned by strangers. At night they'd secretly visited the lonely spot in the hills on the big ranch where, according to the grandsons' hunch, Granddaddy probably had stashed the ten million in loot.

They started digging, and actually uncovered some human bones—together with a scrap of cloth to which was attached a brass button bearing the insignia of Napoleon's Army! Then they suddenly saw several horsemen riding swiftly toward them in the night. So they hastily filled the shallow hole, ran to their car, and fled.

The San Miguel treasure-hunters said that at that point in his recital the soldier-of-fortune actually had taken from his pocket and shown them the French Army uniform button, still attached to its shred of cloth. He told his listeners that both of the general's grandsons recently had been killed in a car accident—which was the reason he was seeking new partners. For a hundred dollars each, he would let them join him in a new try for the treasure.

Naturally, they were all excited.

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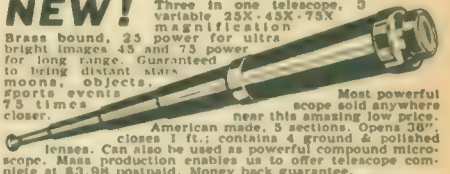

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way the man was arrested in Mexico City, charged with the robbery and murder of an American woman tourist. It was reported he quickly confessed, and admitted robbing and killing several other American women.

Justice is swift in Mexico. Within days, he was hauled away to begin serving a life sentence.

However, that hasn't thwarted the San Miguel treasure hunters. They've learned that it is sometimes possible, for a price, to arrange with a Mexican prison warden for a "vacation" for a long-term prisoner. The only catch is that the warden always insists on being supplied with a substitute to occupy the "vactioner's" cell until he returns so that the prison head count will tally.

Now they're looking for a gringo who'll "sit in" for their convict partner.

Anybody interested? ■

STREET OF WOMEN *Continued from page 35*

each filly as she parades forth to represent her country, completely nude except for one garment, according to the electoral rules.

Perhaps the most popular show on the *Reeperbahn* is the gimmick called *Damenringhampf in Schlamm,* a wrestling match with a few earthy innovations. First of all, the two opponents are women who fight a twenty-minute bout naked to the waist. That in itself should raise eyebrows, but the whole match is staged in a small ring filled with a generous supply of rich, thick, gooey mud.

In a matter of minutes this slop manages to plaster the fighting fraulein from stem to stern. Hamburg is the only city in the world that boasts a spectacle of this kind.

The owner of this unusual grunt-'n groan emporium is a man who also owns seventeen other showplaces in the Saint Pauli. Journalistic instinct said to look up Herr Willi Bartels, who proved most friendly and offered an interview later in the evening. But in the meantime would the journalist care to gab some with one of his lady wrestlers after the first show? Why not?—so Herr Willi fixed up a free ringside seat and advised that one of the muscular mudslingers would come out later and we could chat over some mugs of beer, on the house, of course.

THE main event started when a referee planted himself behind a shoulder-high plastic sheet. He blew a whistle and from behind the curtain emerged a towering strawberry blonde who could have qualified as a sparring partner for King Kong. She wore a blue robe during her introduction. Her opponent, also on the buxom side but somewhat shorter, stepped into the mud ring in a pure white cloak and bowed silently at the announcement of her name.

Immediately after they got their instructions from the ref, both Amazons peeled off their capes. They were in fighting uniforms: bathing cap and abbreviated tights. The audience gasped, then began clapping. Both girls were on the large side—but beautiful, if you like them king-size.

At the whistle, the fight started. Within a matter of seconds both blonde, creamy pinups were generously blackened with thick mud. From the spectators came cacklings, hoot-calls and encouraging words of advice or sarcasm.

Both grapplers were business-like in the ring. They had a fairly good basic knowledge of the traditional holds which they put into mechanical use as they rolled, tumbled, squirmed and wallowed in the muck. After awhile it was impossible to tell one from the other as they twisted arms, heads and torsos into all kinds of weird contortions. It was a rough battle.

At the end of Round Three came the climax. Red pinned her rival flat. She brought down the house when she stuffed generous handfuls of mud into her opponent's trunks, whereupon the referee stepped in and proclaimed the strawberry blonde winner and new champion.

There are eight girls who take turns wrestling each other. Every once in a while the management stages a free-for-all and all eight girls crowd into the ring at one time. Sometimes devil-may-care customers even get into the act, for which the management is always apparently grateful.

But the drinking gang has a good time no matter what happens. This was obvious while we waited for our interview to show up. The girl who

came out half an hour later was "the new champion," who called herself Nif.

"How did you learn to wrestle, Nif?" we asked.

At this point Herr Bartels rumbled over. Almost as if by reflex action, Nif sprouted up from her chair in a pseudo-military stance of attention.

"I now go," she said. "And I wish you *gut* luck. *Auf Wiedersehen, mein Herr!*"

Bartels, with true German thoroughness, provided escort to the Hippodrome, a low-ceilinged basement affair done up garishly with a fake Moorish decor. Stale beer and assorted smells greeted the nostrils.

In the center of the cellar ginmill was a circus ring some thirty feet across. A pert young thing in a clinging silk dress was galloping around on a white horse as a three-piece orchestra thumped out the strains of the "Blue Danube Waltz." In the middle of the cinder-covered track were four other horses, a small donkey, and two camels.

One bistro on the *Reeperbahn* that galls Willi Bartels with severe competition is Mehre's, a joint several doors along the street.

Mehre's is a plushy club with narrow mirrors and mahogany panels. The dance floor glows with red neon lights as an eight-piece ensemble juices up the German version of "Chiri-Biri-Bin." Every table is equipped with an electric numeral and a small white telephone. This reporter had hardly sat down when the phone began to ring.

"I'm lonely," whispered a girl's voice in English. "You look nice."

"Who are you?"

"Turn around and look at Table Fourteen. If you buy me a drink, I'll come over."

We looked around to Table Fourteen and gazed on an expensively-dressed blonde who was really a knockout.

"My name's Renata" she said in the phone, and smiled from across the room. "If you want. we can have nice fun together."

We jammed the received down and ran out of the place.

FEW of the frauleins who peddle sin along the *Reeperbahn* are pros like Renata. Nearly all of them are just Hamburg working girls—stenographers, store clerks, teachers and housewives—who need the extra money to keep the wolf from the door. What has brought on this abundance of unattached girls is the fact that Hamburg became the movie capitol of Germany after the war's end. Pretty, but jobless, the girls began to walk the streets.

Of course the *Reeperbahn* has its hardened pros, too, Most of them work at the end of the *Reeperbahn* where there's a slight turn that feeds into a sort of alley. Known as *Herbertstrasse,* it is separated from the rest of the *Reeperbahn* by walls at both ends so that only pedestrians can get through. On both sides of this strip every ground-floor window is ablaze with light. The prostitutes negotiate their trade with the customers as the men walk along the gutter. Every house on that cobble-lined block is a bordello and displays the sign: *"Zimmer Frei!"*—Room Vacant! The *Schneppen,* or prostitutes, in their various stages of undress, serve as their own barkers, pitching all kinds of come-on sales talks at clients.

"My name is Irmgard. I will be your *Kamerad* for tonight."

"Many sweet hours, *mein Herr,* for so little. If I do not interest you, I have friends inside."

And so on, up to the other end of the alley. Most Hamburg males never get that far, and few want to. ■

KILLER WOLF

Continued from page 43

plane and we swooped in for our approach run on the lone wolf. Scampering first in one direction and then dashing off into another, the wolf turned our pursuit into a real roller-coaster ride.

The other plane tried to head off the wolf. Savaria followed this maneuver, keeping me in camera range, but I'd have paid anything for a gyro-stabilizer in my stomach. Dick gunned his plane into firing position and Fisher let go another blast. But the wolf swerved his course and the buckshots missed by far. I was beginning to think this wolf had a charmed life when Fisher let go once again. This time the wolf staggered a couple of steps and slumped to the ground. The buckshot had snapped a bone, probably his spine. He couldn't move but his head was raised in a snarl. We glided down on our ski

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I lashed the wolf to the lead strut of Dick's plane. It would bring us around a hundred dollars or more, counting the bounty and going price for skins.

struts for a landing. We all climbed out and Fisher unlimbered his .38 revolver. He walked up to within five paces of the wolf and fired without hesitation.

The wolf shook convulsively and then lay still. We lashed him to the lead strut of Dick's plane and took off again.

OUR second wolf had lit out for all he was worth when he heard us. After twenty minutes of pursuit we spotted him in the distance. Doing some offhand reckoning of the wolf's speed, I'd say he was doing close to thirty-five miles an hour.

In the other plane Fisher rolled down the door to get his shotgun into firing position and I opened the door of my cockpit to get the camera set. My stomach started flipping again as Smith, flying at a fifty-foot altitude, jockeyed his plane to the side of the wolf in mid-stride and the wolf was dead.

We skiied in for a landing to claim our dead wolf. We dragged the carcass to Smith's plane and lashed it the front strut on the other side of the ship. Suddenly Savaria looked to the south and sprang to his feet.

"Whiteout," he yelled. "Let's get the hell out of here before we run into trouble!"

A snowstorm was fast moving towards us and in the approaching haze we took off again. As far as the eye could see, there was no horizon, just white and more white. Being so near the magnetic pole, our instruments were not completely reliable and we were almost certain to be a few degrees off course.

The gas indicator began courting the empty mark, but there was no sign of anything below. It was beginning to get ominously dark and we had enough gas for only fifteen minutes, when Savaria nudged me and pointed to a red glow below. It was Point Barrow and a welcome sight. New York at night never seemed bigger or brighter.

Our wolf-hunting expedition had netted $220. As for myself, I'd been frozen and frightened and tossed about like a top. If there was money in wolf-hunting, somebody else was most welcome to it. ■

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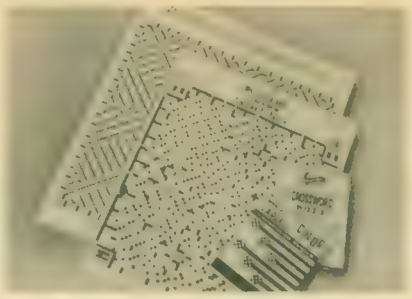

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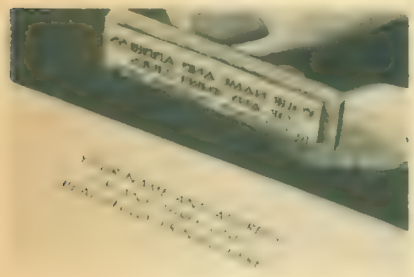

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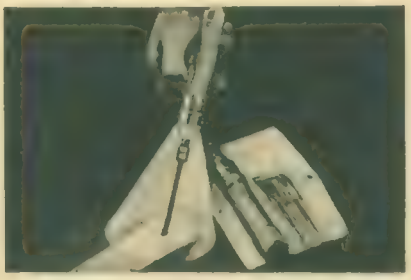

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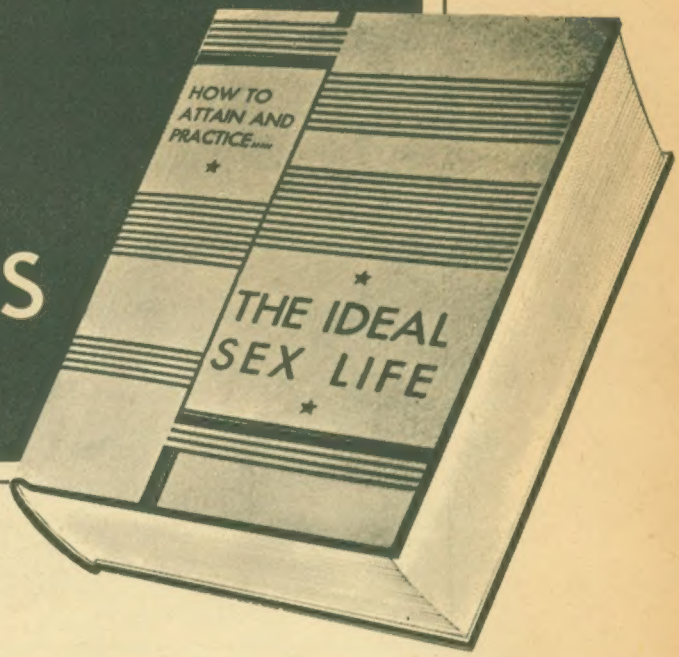

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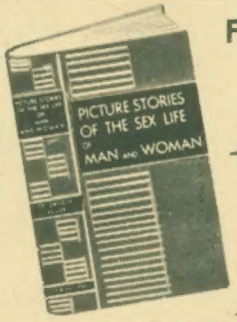

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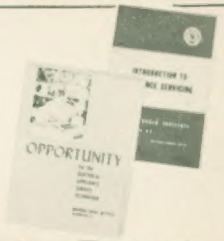

Tell me how I can "cash in" on the "Electrical Appliance Boom." Send me your illustrated FREE BOOK that outlines the whole NRI Course, tells what opportunities are open to me, answers my questions, describes success of other students, and much more. Also send me the FREE SAMPLE LESSON so I can see how clear and easy your instructions are. I am particularly interested in:

☐ **Spare Time Earnings** ☐ **Business of My Own** ☐ **Better Job**

I understand there is no obligation on my part; and no salesman will call on me.

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Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....

Accredited Member National Home Study Council

NEW KIND OF SHOE WILL FILL YOUR POCKETS WITH CASH!

SEND COUPON FOR MY FREE OUTFIT!

Make Money! Just 8 Easy Orders a Day Bring You Up to $960 a Month!

From the moment you step into Mason's revolutionary new Ripple Sole shoes, things start to happen. People stop you on the street . . . want to know where **they** can buy this amazingly different kind of shoe. And there are plenty of good reasons why you'll sell Mason Ripple Sole Shoes on sight. First, they **are** so different. No one has ever seen anything like 'em! These are the shoes that give shock-reducing gliding action . . . **forward thrust** . . . to every step you take. More comfortable, because they feature Mason's famous Air Cushion innersoles. Everyone wants 'em!

But Ripple Sole shoes are only one of many exciting new features in the powerful Selling Outfit I'll send you FREE! Using this outfit in the way I'll show you, you can earn as much as **$960 EXTRA monthly on just 8 easy orders a day!** I'll set you up in a "Shoe Store Business" you can run from home. You'll have no expenses. You'll never have to invest one cent. Yet you keep 100% of the profit! No wonder James Kelly of Ohio made $93.55 selling Mason Nationally-Advertised shoes—in a single evening! No wonder C. Tuttle averages $80 a week! It's easy, with our way of selling shoes. You need no experience. We carry the stock. We ship the shoes. All you do is show the styles, take orders! You get cash, prizes, bonuses!

210 Fast-Selling Styles To Send Your Profits Soaring!

It's easy for you to make money fast, with so many new ideas like the Ripple Sole, amazing Shu-lok laceless shoe—plus dozens of time-tested, popularity-proven staple items like water-shedding Sylflex shoes, sturdy, comfortable, long-wearing work shoes, steel-toe safety shoes, others! Mason shoes sell fast! They're nationally Advertised in magazines read by thousands of people daily! Sell to friends, neighbors, folks where you work. Top men make up to $10 an hour—from their very first hour!

Best "Shoe Store Business" in Town!

You feature foamy-soft Air Cushion innersoles . . . sturdy steel shanks . . . Nylon stitching . . . special work soles of Neoprene, Cork, Cushion Neoprene Crepe. Customers "repeat" time after time—profits pour in as long as you care to earn cash! And Mason Shoes are never sold by stores—so folks must buy from YOU. You run the best "shoe store business" in town, because you draw on a selection of over a quarter million pairs of top quality shoes in sizes from 2 to 15 . . . widths all the way from extra-narrow AAAA to extra-wide EEEE! No need to substitute . . . your customers get the size and width they need, in the style they want!

Here's How You Can START IMMEDIATELY!

Send no money—now or later. Simply fill out and mail the coupon below, and we'll rush you FREE Starting Business Outfit worth up to $960 EXTRA MONTHLY CASH PROFIT to you! You'll get Kit featuring 210 quick-selling dress, sport, work shoe styles for men and women . . . foolproof Measuring Equipment . . . How-To-Make-BIG-MONEY Booklet . . . EVERYTHING you need to start making loads of extra cash from your first hour. Act today, because Mason's amazing Ripple Sole Shoe is new—exciting—in big demand! Rush coupon Now!

MASON SHOE MFG., CO. Dept. H-909
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin (Since 1904)

WORKERS WANT MASON ON-THE-JOB SHOES! NOW THEY CAN BUY THEM FROM YOU!

YOUR SURE SOURCE OF EXTRA INCOME!

Wherever you go, working people are eager prospects for famous Mason Air Cushion extra-comfort on-the-job shoes. That's why so many Mason Shoe Counselors multiply earnings with **quantity** orders, by specializing in shoe needs of policemen, postmen, factory workers, nurses, waitresses, service station men! We furnish sales aids . . . show you how to get the orders. Don't delay—mail coupon for **your** FREE Starting Outfit **today**!

RUSH MY FREE OUTFIT!

Mr. Victor Mason, Dept. H-909
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

You bet I want to earn as much as $960 EXTRA MONTHLY CASH by showing your new Ripple Sole Shoe and 209 other proven moneymakers! Rush EVERYTHING I need—FREE and postpaid—to start making extra cash at once!

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Town.....State.....

Another scan
by
cape1736